

## PERFORMING POETS

The organizers of Poetry International '87 could hardly have hoped for a better publicity boost than they received from Donald Davie's eccentric outburst in *The Guardian* just three days before last week's festival was due to open. "Go home, Octavio Paz!" snarled the scandalized professor. "Go home every good poet who has been lured to London this week." For Professor Davie it was enough that the festival was to be chaired by poetry.

Empson, reading from a London Library copy of his *Collected Poems*, was full of self-effacing, yet engagingly mute keen to tell amusing stories than to bore us with his knowledge of thirty years ago: *Boredom*, for instance, was a sardonic lede-verse after Empson's brilliant explanation of it. Pablo Neruda, businesslike and poker-faced, listened to translations of his work being mangled by the histrionics of Patrick Wymark, the only professional actor called upon to read) and then, as if, to

hating Malcolm Muggeridge, that its handouts were vulgar and ill-written, that the whole thing was aimed at a large audience when we all know (if we are "level-headed") and live out of London that the true audience for poetry is small, aloof, aristocratic.

"It will be wonderful if the hall is empty every night of the live. But this is too much to hope for. Let the seats in the hall be filled, and the seats on the platform empty." As it turned out, of course, no one stayed away; not even Donald Davie.

Inside the hall, a florid, grinning Malcolm Muggeridge moved among his band of poets dispensing monu-

shook the hall with his own voice, echoing incantations. Allen Gershberg, full of love (even for the offends who mounted the platform to denounce his burning incense) and wielding an immaculose squeezebox, read *Shakespeare* as if they were yet another pair of middleaged hipsters. It might, incidentally, have saved Mr. Empson to have had Ginsberg take a shot at *Bachmann*.

There are, of course, other ways of making a hit. Poet *like* *Walter Haselmann*, Zbigniew Herbert, and Yehuda Amichai were more fortunate than most, both in their mat-







# BEYOND DISPUTE

By Jonathan Miller

THE LAST HUNDRED YEARS have seen an astonishing growth in the scope and power of the physical sciences. In fact the growth rate of science is probably the most famous thing about it and the result is a public superstition about its developing capabilities nearly as strong as those it once succeeded in dispersing. The most sophisticated form of this superstition consists in the belief that science (whatever that might be) has reached a commanding height from which it will shortly control not just nature and the physical environment but the rest of human knowledge too. It is widely held to be a model, if not the model, for all meaningful description and that any proposal which hopes to make serious or lasting sense, on any subject, must either be capable of being assimilated to it or else be dismissed as gibberish.

The most powerful effect of this assertion has been felt in those departments of thought which have always faced both ways across the border between the two cultures. Psychology and sociology have summed up their own predicament in this respect by sometimes referring to themselves as the "soft sciences". This title may be ironic but it has a normative ring as well, suggesting through the medium of irony that these subjects should hurry up and assume the armoured hardness of the "real" sciences.

It is, of course, by no means clear how, or even whether, such a transition is really possible. The debate on the subject goes back to Mill and Comte, or even further perhaps, to Hobbes. And, of course, it is not something upon which facts have a bearing, since the question of what is and what is not a science in these matters is precisely the point at issue. But the fact that such a trend exists at all might lead one to expect a nervous reaction on the part of those disciplines which share a frontier with the disputed territory. That is to say in the arts; and those especially which, like the "soft sciences", have an interest in human behaviour. But in fact, at the most general level at least, literature and drama have been more or less indifferent to the procedural conflict going on within the disciplines of sociology and psychology. Artists have quickly recognized that, at this level, the discussion of things like factual validity is of no immediate interest. This is partly due to the fact that art has never been self-conscious with regard to its fate as a coherent body of wisdom. There has never, for example, been, as there has in science, a super-ordinate philosophy whose agreed function it has been to adjudicate the sys-

tematic long-range ambitions of the subject as a whole. Science, on the other hand, is, by its nature, very self-conscious, and very profitably so. It is bound therefore, as are any of its subsidiary disciplines, to be methodologically sensitive in a way that literature has no need to be.

The result is that literature has possibly had more effect upon psychology and sociology than vice versa. Not through any explicit manifesto but simply through the insights it has to offer. For, eager though the "soft sciences" are to assume the credentials of hard physical science, they are also embarrassed by the way in which imaginative writers will often arrive at social and psychological conclusions without having to use any of the respectable apparatus of surveys or statistics. They may even concede the vivid finality of literature to the extent of using examples from fiction or the drama to illustrate their own cast-iron generalities. But there has never been a good open discussion on the question of why an illustration should be necessary; or what could be said to count as an illustration and what its logical connexion with more formal analysis really is.

For except in the philosophically trivial sense an illustration is not just something to break up the text with pictures. In any sense that really matters an illustration which could be said to make a difference has a complicated structural relationship with its explicandum. Any illustration which is to be more than a picturesque tautology must actually add something to the prepositions made in the formal text. Social scientists are characteristically rather vague about what this extra dollop of enlightenment actually is. They are aware that it exists and Max Weber even coined the term "verstehen" or "understanding" to cover the case. It has not been made quite clear, however, what this "verstehen" is and why it should ever be needed. One never hears the term referred to in the physical sciences, where the theory, the formula or the equation is the "understanding". No extra clinging illustration seems necessary. This is not the place to go into the question, but its existence as an unsettled issue accounts for the way in which literature sometimes influences social science rather than the other way round.

Imaginative writers on the other hand are quite naturally indignant at the suggestion that they are only illustrators of respectable social or psychological theory. They may be happy to contribute, but for them, in the final reduction, literature is neither a docile handmaiden of the "soft sciences" nor a larval form of something which the "soft sciences" alone have succeeded in making adult. For them the pursuit of literature needs no other justification apart from the domestic critical standards of the subject itself.

Writers and dramatists may have been impervious to the more general calls of psychology and sociology but there still remains the possibility that they may have been influenced by the concrete data provided by these hybrid sciences. But does this possibility really exist? What is literature, then, that a fact, discoverable only by science, could have a bearing upon its development? In any of the recognized senses which make a work of literature unique or valuable, it is about nothing more than what its characters did or felt. Any faith which a work may have in this respect, which has nothing to do with the special knowledge of the subject, is the one literature would become, quite of date in the way that effective religious theories must. Seneca's plays would have died of antiquity just like the astronomical theories of Ptolemy. But in some odd way Seneca has outlived Ptolemy. Not because Ptolemy was dumber than Seneca but because his work made statements about the world in a way that made it critically susceptible to new facts and above all, to new theoretical ways of expressing those facts.

For this reason Ptolemy's work was

superceded by that of Copernicus. Seneca on the other hand made statements about the world in such a way that while Shakespeare may have been better, there is no meaningful way in which he could be said to have superceded his Roman forbear. Not only have Seneca's plays not been superceded by those of Shakespeare, it is hard to understand just what it would be for them to have done so. It is this freedom from the risk of supercession which also makes literature somehow proof against the facts of science. By contrast with this, any so-called scientific theory which is proof against facts is not really a theory at all. A scientific theory has to be capable of being wrong in order to stand up as being right in any significant way. We never say that a work of literature is wrong. A novel or a play can be wrong-headed but never simply wrong. This suggests quite properly that the forces which determine the qualities of a work of fiction are an expression of the aptitudes of its author and not of any special facts to which he may or may not have had access. Special knowledge is really nothing to do with literature. It is with science, in fact, science is special knowledge set out in such a way that it positively invites contradiction. Literature on the other hand is general knowledge, set out in a way which may be disliked or disagreed with, but never truly contradicted.

Although its subject matter may be general, this does not mean that literature cannot be abstruse. But this is because its expression is private, which has something to do with the handling of language and nothing whatever to do with any special disclosures which may have been made by another discipline.

"Nevertheless the 'soft sciences' and especially psychology have had some influence upon the course of modern literature. But not in any way which upsets the principles suggested above. The influence of psychology, for example, has come from that part of the subject whose methodological 'softness' seriously embarrasses its claims to be a science at all. That is to say from psychoanalysis, the very department of psychology whose scientific status is most in doubt. It has influenced literature precisely because it is, in the very best sense, so literary itself. As an influence, therefore, Freud is far more like Tolstoy than he is, say, like Newton. His work affects that of other writers because it is part and parcel of the same affair. No logical rules are broken by saying

that such an influence exists because in fact the basic proposals of psychoanalysis are on the same plane of descriptive insight as those of literature. The data which Freud chose to organize are those that any imaginative writer could have handled too. And the sense which he made of these facts could also have been made by a literary figure, given Freud's genius.

This does nothing to diminish that genius, but it is simply an attempt to recognize precisely what it consists of. For the sake of argument one can describe it all in terms of one magnificent move of the literary imagination. Freud simply carried into childhood, and into the fantasy world of dreams, the same imaginative sensitivity which other writers had expended on the world of waking adults. It was not so much that he brought science to bear on adults as the fact that he enlarged the scope of literature to include the world of dreams and children. Until Freud suggested otherwise, children had been seen by writers (if they were seen at all) as innocent apprentices of adult skills. Their souls were seen as nothing more than smaller, simpler and duller versions of their grown-up relatives. They were not therefore worthy subjects for serious literature. Freud saw, on the other hand, that the moral life of human beings began, not just with social seniority, but at the moment of birth, and that man is complexly human from the moment he takes the breast from his mother. He did the same for dreams, which had hitherto been regarded as either incoherent anomalies on the edge of waking consciousness or else as receivers designed to pick up messages from the future. Freud showed that dreams, like childhood, were an integral part of the moral life. Freud in other words was a literary essayist in the spirit of Montaigne. He was a radical humanist for whom not only was nothing human alien but everything human was of total and meaningful interest—dreams, babies, lunacy, the lot.

Not only is the text of Freud's work literary and perhaps essentially tragic. Unlike any other putatively scientific study, its intellectual pedigree is strikingly literary too. It brings to the twentieth century a preoccupation with the irrational life of the imagination which is straight out of early nineteenth-century Romanticism. In his interest in dreams for example he has far more in common

with the Coleridge of *Biograph Literaria* than he has with any of the neuro-biologists he admired and so hard to emulate.

And this of course is the man who has influenced modern literature, giving impressive credentials to the irrational. Though of course it is hard to say how many writers of and other sorts might not have been like this without his provocative permissions. Writers like James Joyce, for example, are simply contemporaries of Freud, not dependents. The plan of *Ulysses* too read exactly like the plan of Freud's great cases, especially *Ghosts* and *The Master Builder*. What would have happened, and *Ulysses*, without Freud; just as what a literary genius, could quite possibly have happened without Darwin, Charcot.

In fact, modern literature owes more to Freud than it has been credited. From Freud than in the sciences men could be said to have learned from the ages. Both modern literature and psychoanalysis are equally myth, symbolisms and twentieth-century Romanticism. Any literature there has been since Freud from purely literary parallelism. When the work of Freud has been brought to bear explicitly on literature, work of fiction or drama has suffered actual damage. This is particularly evident in the work of American writers; and above all in the work of American theatrical dramatists whose intuitive sensibilities were distorted by trying to press modern work through the respectable medium of psychoanalysis. Such structures are not specifically connected with the doctrine of psychoanalysis. The impact of imaginative literary insight whenever it is fitted to an idea which is misunderstood to the point of becoming a dogma. Plays of this kind are tailored to Marx's sense of mythification. The best sort of Brecht, for example, is to dramatize life only when the literary vision of the dramatist illuminates the insight of Marx rather than being subordinated to the dogma of his disciples.

For literature is not and never will be a "formal science" of an elevated super-discipline. It is a such "which reminds us all that we are, as human beings, of a special interest. Without it we are to have that and the universe reveal its primal vacuum, a vessel full of stardust and cosmic spit.



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## REACTIONARY AND REVOLUTIONARIES

MARTIN KATZ: *Mikhail N. Katkov. A Political Biography. 1818-1887. 195pp. The Hague: Mouton. 24 Guilders.*  
 PAUL AVRICH: *The Russian Anarchists. 303pp. Princeton University Press. London: Oxford University Press. £3.*

Mikhail Katkov is an arresting and influential figure in Russian political history. A gifted journalist who acquired the reputation of "the dictator of the Russian press" in the latter half of the nineteenth century, he began his career as a liberal, with a predilection for English constitutionalism and the idealism of German Romantic philosophy, and finished as an iron-clad advocate of authoritarianism and chauvinism. Few men's politics remain the same between the ages of twenty-five and seventy and most of them, as they drift towards the grave, also drift politically into peevish and reactionary conservatism. Although Mr. Katz proclaims his hero—not very convincingly—a consistent political thinker, Katkov's career is, in fact, an extreme example of such progression. He illustrates precisely the phenomenon of "reaction"—not in any abusive but in a scientific sense of the term. He reflects the changes which overtook many Russian liberals under the impact of the growing tensions and uncertainties in Russian society after the peasant reform of Alexander II, the Polish insurrection of 1863, and the emergence of revolutionary movements.

Helped by an uncommonly acute brain, a persuasive pen, and a complete indifference to the deeper passions of his fellow-men, he attained a high position in public life. The swift rise in the councils of government came as a result of his immensely shrewd and efficient editorship of the newspaper *The Moscow Gazette* and the periodical *The Russian Messenger* which supplied the existing order with a rational defence. The moral strength of Katkov was that he could do all the work required of an advocate of the Tsarist regime as a matter of profound conviction and not merely of conformity with the political environment, although he showed unmistakable signs of a typical *parvenu*, tightly buttoned into self-esteem. He loved power and money and was close-fisted. Unlike his sponsors, however, he had respect for culture and intellect. Had he been a mere pragmatic sycophant, as he appeared to some, it is improbable that he would have earned so prominent a place in the history of Russian political opinion. Behind the pragmatism there was an earnest purpose. Indeed, he was capable at times of speaking the truth to the bureaucracy, although most of his *démarches* in this respect were directed against the allegedly excessive liberalism of some of its representatives. This got Katkov into difficulties. But the official detractors were overruled and Katkov emerged more convinced of his moral and political rectitude than ever before and still more certain that, granted certain conditions, the

The chief merit of the book is in its extraordinarily good documentation—a magpie's board of evidence which, translated into an intelligible idiom, will be indispensable for those who write to the future. The important inference to be drawn from this evidence is that Katkov, deeply entrenched though he was in the heart of Tsarism, typified a break with the assumptions proper to a semi-feudal, hierarchical order. He was not simply a theorist of absolutism, but a representative of the emerging bourgeoisie, believing in freedom as a function of proprietorship, in freedom for a minority under the conditions of a competitive society. Russia was by no means as free from the characteristic features

of western social development as is often assumed. While the political structure remained intact, power was steadily growing in dependence on an insinuating, aggressive, self-righteous middle class, armed with new-papers and displaying all the familiar bourgeois virtues and vices. Mr. Katz rightly regards Katkov as a forerunner of Stolypin—the man who, at the beginning of this century, sought to decentralize Russian society and to create a small new class of wealthy farmers, while the vast majority of the Russian people were left no better or worse off than they were before.

*The Russian Anarchists* by Paul Avrich deals with the successors of those whom Katkov wished to destroy. The book has none of the formal defects of the other monograph. It combines exact scholarship with imaginative insight, intellectual grasp and readability. There is an extensive and elsewhere not easily accessible bibliography of anarchist writings, although the listing of secondary sources is incomplete as far as Soviet publications are concerned. The author has a fair far concrete instance that makes the milieu which he describes alive and he conveys not only what people said and did but also what they meant and felt. Some of the figures of this over-populated book—such as Bakunin, Kropotkin or Mahno—are familiar enough, others—such as Volin, Alexander Shapiro or Maksimov—are less known but perhaps not less interesting. Whether overworked or not, Professor Avrich presents the subjects with freshness.

Anarchism tends to be regarded as a fad of cranks or an excuse to manufacture home-made bombs. The only respectable form of this doctrine is the acquisitive economic anarchism whose father was Adam Smith. While attracting, like all revolutionary movements, freaks and problem children, anarchism in Russia had of course nothing to do in theory or in practice with the anarchy of the big possible profits. Nearly all its leaders had much more pleasant personalities than some of their deeds would suggest. They were dedicated characters whose minds and hearts had been profoundly stirred by the sufferings which the people endured under the Tsarist regime. Covering a fairly wide range of attitudes and ideas, about which Professor Avrich provides a great deal of illuminating information, the Russian anarchists shared a fervent search for deliverance in total revolution, which is for society what a passionate love is for an individual. This experience marked them for ever, separated them from their past and moved them to reject almost every aspect of civilization.

Anarchy is a form of liberty. But

of western social development as is often assumed. While the political structure remained intact, power was steadily growing in dependence on an insinuating, aggressive, self-righteous middle class, armed with new-papers and displaying all the familiar bourgeois virtues and vices. Mr. Katz rightly regards Katkov as a forerunner of Stolypin—the man who, at the beginning of this century, sought to decentralize Russian society and to create a small new class of wealthy farmers, while the vast majority of the Russian people were left no better or worse off than they were before.

Professor Avrich, who traces the close relations between the anarchists and the Bolsheviks, comments that when the anarchists first spent, or fizzled out into petty intrigues and mutual recriminations, the Bolsheviks, the Inquisition, the lovers and their henchmen came down. It is a familiar history, a tragedy of human affairs, in grand ideals are perverted by reality, that intoxicating moment of creative freedom do as they cannot—last. But it is interesting that the author of the book of American writers on Russia, who is an obsessive line of political dogmatics. Obsessions stimulate the invariably stifle the historian's love of reality, of historical reality.

## FEBRUARY TO OCTOBER

MARC FERRÉ: *La Révolution de 1917. Préface by Roger Garaudy. 606pp. Paris: Editions Aubier Montaigne. 28.50F.*

The tradition of writing general histories—text-books of the highest level—has been eroded even in France by the proliferation of monographs; and it is pleasant as well as useful to find a work which remains faithful to it. Mr. Marc Ferré has produced what is surely the best general history of the Russian February revolution of 1917. An abundance of material exists. But Soviet historians cannot yet look with any degree of detachment at this rather pathetic and ineffective curtain-raiser to October. The chief participants in the February revolution and its sequel, having personally survived, but having been pensioned off by the course of events, devoted their declining years to the composition of voluminous memoirs to which they inveighed against fate, against the Bolsheviks, and against one another. The most recent contribution, George Katkov's highly idiosyncratic *Russia 1917*, is more likely to mislead than to help the student. Mr. Ferré has filled a gap, and it would be useful to have an English translation of his book.

As is proper to the author of a work of this kind, Mr. Ferré's interests are broad and catholic. He neglects neither physical and economic background nor the complex history of ideas, and weaves them skilfully into the narration of events. His knowledge of sources is wide, and covers archives in Moscow

and Leningrad as well as in Paris and Amsterdam. He is generally penetrating, too busy with facts to indulge in his own interpretations. But of the two major sections into which the work is divided is followed by "conclusions"; and the present volume emerges as a situation, the course of events, to the point of view of the revolutionaries, the drives leaders along a path which they have themselves cut fully in advance. Thus the revolution itself was preceded and in a measure determined by a general breakdown of authority at the centre. Sans le stivok, les Russes commencent à se gouverner eux-mêmes; l'armée, les producteurs, les consommateurs d'un autre. La révolution est encore dans les esprits, dans les consciences, dans les actions.

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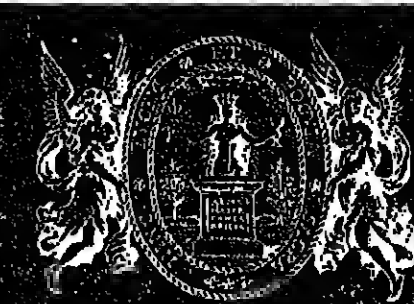
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Crosscurrents—III

SEPARATE SPHERES

By Francis Hope

ENGLISH POLITICS are non-ideological, non-intellectual and therefore non-literary. English literature at present returns the compliment. We accept very readily the argument that literature and politics are separate spheres; that the heady excitement of the one becomes injustice and oppression in the other; that to mix them will damage both. At the University of California I heard an American graduate student complain about the narrowness of contemporary political philosophy. Some professors, he admitted, were hotting things up a bit; they taught "existential politics". What were the authors for that course, I asked. Camus, he said. I was astonished that any serious course in politics should involve reading Camus; and then astonished at my own very English astonishment.

They order these things better in America, where politics only pretend to be non-ideological: where pragmatism itself has become an ideology to be defended overseas with fire and sword; where political literature still exists. As Dr. Donald Davie mournfully observed in the *New Statesman* a year or two ago, young American poets are now teaching their English contemporaries lessons which they might have picked up from Auden and Spender in the first place. One can snugly reply that this is because the injustices of American society are more obvious and more terrible. (Send slumps in our time, O Lord.) I am not sure that this will do. Not all great work needs a great theme: *All the King's Men* is a far better political novel than *For Whom the Bell Tolls*, though it has a far less resonant political subject. As an editor of a poetry magazine can tell you, the hydrogeobomb is not only

the most awesome phenomenon but also the greatest inspirer of bad verse of our time.

There were the 1930s, of course; and, according to one school of thought, the literary task they undertook was politically completed in the 1940s. The legislation of the Attlee Government was the Left Book Club's word made flesh. One might note in passing that, like other dactyls, it was somewhat changed in the process. One thing the 1930s radical writers had in common was a contempt for "Major Attlee" and his petty-bourgeois reform-mongering. Their most overt practical political purpose was international, not domestic: a halt to European Fascism, not a free health service. Events may have proved them right, sooner than they expected, in arguing that Fascism had to be destroyed; but they hardly influenced this area of policy.

In any case, even if one were to grant them a share in the general thrust of postwar reconstruction—in influencing, for example, the middle classes not to fight quite so hard for an immediate restoration of all their privileges—one could hardly add that they had started something permanent. The sound and fury of the later 1930s are little more of a political literature than the snobbery and right-wing romanticism of the late 1940s (Vaughan, Thirkell, Eliot's plays). The theatre might plead exemption from this generalization and will be dealt with in another article; for the rest it is hard to say whether writers have more comprehensively ignored politics than politicians have ignored writers, or vice versa.

One thing certainly has sunk, though not without trace: the 1930s

confidence that any literary-political alliance would lean to the Left. The case for this was always a dubious one, bolstered by such dubious arguments as Sartre's that the writer's subject was human freedom, therefore he could not but support the workers against the bourgeoisie. It is the moderate Left, rather than the Right, that now most firmly insists on the separation of literature ("laudable sentiment") from politics ("realistic calculations"); and the moderate Left tends to occupy a high proportion of academic and editorial chairs. "Literature in politics" now suggests D'Annunzio or Nietzsche rather than Silone or Mill. We glory in our dullness, take Lord Snow's strictures to heart, shake a retrospective fist at Eliot, Lawrence, Yeats and Pound, and prefer Mr. Wilson to General de Gaulle. The General's first lecture to the Staff College quoted Socrates, Lucretius, Bergson, Goethe, Comte, Tolstoy, Victor Hugo and Anatole France; Mr. Wilson's favourite contemporary novelist is alleged to be the author of *The Crowthers of Bunkham*. (Any English reader gawling suspiciously that this proves nothing at all is merely reinforcing the point.) De Gaulle's memoirs belong to French literature; Mr. Wilson's speeches—well. But it would be a foolhardy man who tried to argue anything from that among liberal-minded Englishmen.

In a curious way, this attitude owes a great deal of the last great political writer this country produced: George Orwell. To say that Orwell was eventually so anti-political writer would be to give Moscow game, set and match, but it is undoubtedly true that his influence has made many people mistake an anti-

political stance for a guarantee of sturdy honesty. "I cannot deal in generalizations," wrote Mr. John Wain in an essay on India. "I am a writer not a breather." It all depends, of course, what sort of generalizations are meant. But it is hardly a promising antithesis. Western anti-Stalinist writing (of which Kestler and Orwell are perhaps the flower) was supposed to substitute a democratic humanism for the rigidities and absurdities of the fellow-travellers. *Darkness at Noon*, after all, is a political book; its author also wrote those very "engaged" novels, *Invitation to a Beheading* and *Arrival and Departure*. But what follows? (Let us avoid rash statements about causes.) A climate of opinion where generalizations are for bureaucrats; where it was thought to be distinctive proof of the Russian government's crass philistinism (rather than tyranny) that they ascribed political significance to *Doctor Zhivago*. That wasn't politics, it was *literature*.

England being England, such a climate is neither abilitistic nor selfish. Concern, liberal concern, still finds customers; political agnosticism can make gentle fun of their own protected agnosticism. Somewhere near the border of opting out, but still on the Forsterian side of it, there are remarkable flowerings: D. J. Enright's poems, V. S. Naipaul's novels (*The Mimic Men*, after all, is clearly if not strongly a political book), the new town manoeuvrings of Angus Wilson's *Late Call*. There are, as liberals accused of political abdication insist, some bed-rock issues: South Africa, racial discrimination, old people, sexual equality. So there are books about them: *The Evidence of Love*, *City of Spades*, *Mauve to Mort*, *The Golden Notebook*. But to say that either side learns from the other, to

talk in terms of the interaction of disciplines, would be over-optimistic. Politics and literature have at least this much in common: they are not subject to the rational improvements which have distinguished the twentieth-century pursuit of both. Both seem to languish, neither the other's shot in the arm. Both languishing might—I repeat—have a common cause.

This is not an appeal for an end to the interaction of disciplines, in either sphere. There is nothing very distasteful in the argument that writers in liberal societies should be grateful that they have taken seriously enough to be taken up; anyone with his head set on should dissociate himself from such imbecilities. But literature is not a blank cheque in favour of the other. Colin Fack, writing in *Review*, complained of Philip Larkin who offers even fewer signs of a wind than D. J. Enright, that he envisaged no alternative to the industrial society, that it was a matter of style, not of substance, to be critical sensibly warned that his criticism would be met by cries of "elitist", but that if Lawrence had lived he would be happy to do as he thought it would be fair to say that Larkin's poems as a criticism of the society are not as good as those of the poets, but the point is not that; if that is the best the age can do, perhaps there is something wrong with the age?

No poet can turn Alexander Pope, but he can pull himself up by his own bootstraps, but Alexander is not Alexander. The same. One always slip through these things.

and even talent may bend them a little. We work with freedom on the one hand, and with the Juggernaut on the other. But in the absence of genius we can only classify movements. A literary landslide could alter the political landscape, or vice versa. But who seriously expects a landslide? It is not merely a matter of style, by any means. Shakespeare is a good political dramatist as well as a good poet. *The Merchant of Venice* is as good a political novel as *Ulysses* or *The Waste Land*. But it is not a matter of having first-hand information either. Here as elsewhere, the sterile antithesis between ill-informed dogma and experienced writers who have abandoned politics, but English politicians.

One can always relieve frustrations with fantasies. Learned articles have argued that spy-fiction is a serious index of our preoccupations. It is in a sense the perfect non-political outlet of politics: politics reduced to a series of childish dormitory-raids, as in Ian Fleming, or politics showing just enough of its beastly side to persuade one that the whole thing is beastly, as in Le Carré. It is not just that as things get duller at home readers call for madder music and stronger wine somewhere in the world; nor just that the spy, an isolated operator, is a suitable hero for liberal romantics. There is also the feeling, carefully articulated by Fleming and carefully embroidered by Le Carré, that we are only in this dirty game because they started it. One can hardly imagine John Buchan's heroes wishing that the whole thing would stop, however much they may individually have wanted out of it or that adventure. There would always be another enemy of the Crown somewhere, and dealing with him would be a rough business. George Smiley's *raison d'être* is rather more tortured. One can, of course, go on knocking out racy tales of gun-running to Latin America or stealing diamonds from oil-rich sheikhs. But in the Big League there is an uneasy sense that winning this particular game would also end it, and that it takes some justifying to play it at all. It is an odd word to use, but there is something pellid about our literary spies.

Should we be surprised, or hopeful, or indignant? Should we point to the still considerable injustices of English society, or the still fascinating ramifications of English power, and tell writers to seek them out? But writers rarely do their best work under these sort of orders from the touchline. We should be more likely to get a new Logie than a new Auden. *The Power Game* rather than *Under the Greenwood Tree*. Should we scold the politicians for not paying more attention to the best reports on the nation's intellectual condition? Do we want to hear Mr. Wilson quoting William Golding, or Mr. Miss Jennie Lee against André Malraux? The very thought breeds weariness and despair. The gap is not so much unbridgeable as uncharitable. As Wittgenstein said, the problem and the data pass each other by. A fruitful interaction of literature and politics is not impossible (we are dealing with contingencies, not necessities); it is just not happening here. Neither the rubber daggers of satire nor the penny whistles of protest are evidence to the contrary.

A few volumes still remain to complete the English translation of the fourth Russian edition of Lenin's *Collected Works* (Lawrence and Wishart, 18s. each). Vol. 36 is a supplementary volume containing further political correspondence additional to that which has appeared in the two preceding volumes, together with some articles or other documents which have recently come to light or where attribution to Lenin has only recently been established. Most of this is relatively small beer, but is necessary to fill in minor gaps in Lenin's multifarious political activity. Vol. 37 contains a large number of letters of Lenin to relatives, mainly his mother and sister, nearly all of which had already been published, and a few letters from Krupskaya, some of which appeared for the first time in this edition. These letters contain a wealth of personal detail, but little that can be called intimate, and do nothing to change the picture of Lenin as a dedicated revolutionary whose private life could not be regarded as a matter of primary concern.

colony will do that for us. Indeed they did, and having provided jobs for the middle classes, they are now providing subjects for writers, not to say the writers themselves. The Commonwealth writer comes to England with a few good books already written or brewing about the society (and politics) of his native country; then he wonders whether he is able to tackle the society and politics of England; often he must wonder whether it is his ignorance or English subtlety that makes the subject so difficult. He might be forgiven for deciding that there is no such thing: that it is not English writers who have abandoned politics, but English politicians.

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Alfred Wallis would, one supposes, have been more than a little astonished to find himself the subject of a work so handsome, so serious, so manifestly giving the reader his seventy-five shillings' worth, furnished moreover with a bibliography which testifies to the enthusiastic admiration of other writers on art and among them some of our most respected art critics, Sir Herbert Read, Adrian Stokes, David Sylvester, so often at variance where other artists are concerned, are united in their admiration for the illiterate scrap-iron merchant who died in a Cornish workhouse twenty-five years ago. Wallis in fact has been very completely "discovered" and it is to Mr. Mullins' credit that he manages to avoid the kind of silliness which so often afflicts this kind of discoverer. He is, very properly, enthusiastic, but his enthusiasm is tempered by good sense (and by a good sensible use of English). "Ultimately," he allows, "he may be allotted only a small place in English painting." In a less restrained moment he is nevertheless ready to assert that these paintings were "among the most remarkable produced in England this century". It is a large claim and made more formidable by the moderation of the author's language. How far can it be justified?

No one is likely to deny the charm of Wallis as a painter. His feeling for colour is admirable, he disposes his forms within the shapes that he chooses or that are given him with the greatest felicity, he has gaiety, animation, invention—charm. But so has the work of almost any four-year-old child. How much more is there here?

It is illuminating to compare Wallis with Rousseau. The Donatier is so much less primitive; he had been to the Louvre and he tried carefully and conscientiously to make something like the work of the great masters. Wallis was troubled by no such preoccupations, his vision was untroubled by art and he used nature with reckless freedom. He could in consequence take liberties which a more conscious artist would never have permitted himself and in so doing set himself no problems while leaving us in a quandary.

Consider his "Three-Master with Sea Birds"; here Wallis has painted a sailing ship upon the yellow surface of a blotter. The sea beneath his ship is pale blue and white, the sky above is dark blue; the sails of the vessel are white; but, in the interstices between the sails, the sky and the sea are yellow, that is to say, the surface of the blotter has been left uncoloured. Wallis, a prosaic critic would say, has been lazy. He found it such a boring and daunting prospect to bring his brush into the narrow angular spaces between the sails that he went no farther, moreover

if he had done so he would have obliterated the masts and rigging and the little man at the helm and would have had to repaint the yellow background in a picture-nouvelle; it is exactly what a picture needs and all would be theologically speaking, have been if it had been sacrificed to the interests of naturalism. This had been a painting, Matisse we should have pointed out, as an example of that painter's care and subtle invention. We have gone on to point out the places in which Wallis gets his colours wrong—pale blue and white sails where there should be a more convincing blue and white; a device for unlifting foreground background; and no doubt should be right in saying that Wallis knew very well what he was doing. But did Wallis know so much? The masters of the twentieth century have trained us to accept such achievements, to find imperfections in ineptitude. It is a critical and which cannot easily be justified by argument. The fact remains that for whatever reason, we do not see in his work the obvious thought and restraint that makes for greatness in painting.

Reaction is equal and opposite to action. This singularly brief statement of the principles underlying our advanced modes of transportation—space rockets and jet airplanes—is Newton's Third Law of Motion. Yet the writer, should he mention these things at all, would conclude: "This is not directly responsible; it is his law relevant here since it is the theories that explain the laws which really matter and it is these that are scientific ideas. Few would dispute that Newton's theory of gravitation radically altered the prevailing climate of opinion and did the way for our present scientific ideas, ICBMs and all, yet it would be too far-fetched to invoke his name today on that score. The example simply illustrates a distinction between scientific and technological ideas, the tenuous way ideas affect society and hence, also, the writer and his response to them.

The two cultures debate some years ago was quite redolent of Newtonian mechanics: two solid bodies—scientific and literary works or worlds—pictured as colliding and then bounding away in opposite directions; only some were more opposed than others! This does not concern us here since it was more a debate about educational policy than possible influences to be found in literature. If the simile is changed and science is labelled action, the response of literature today is not Reaction but non-action, almost a complete unawareness of scientific ideas.

Why should this be so? To answer this we must first consider how scientific ideas reach literature, for if there is no contact, there can hardly be

By Anthony Jackson

much response. There are conceivably at least four indirect ways; the only direct response would be when the scientist was also a man of letters and this is exceptional.

Taking scientific ideas or theories to mean those of the exact or natural sciences only, the behavioural sciences having been dealt with elsewhere, their most important impact is upon our value system. The classical examples are the theories of Newton, Darwin and Einstein, each of which had a profound though often delayed effect upon our ideas on the relationship between man and nature. The change in values resulting from the widespread acceptance of these ideas naturally affected the reactions of the men of letters. Although Newton was praised and damned by Pope and Keats respectively, his scientific theories themselves were undisturbed. For it was the change in attitudes that mattered, the indirect consequence of Newton's restructuring of our picture of the natural world. The same thing applies to the ideas of Darwin and Einstein, the after-effects of which are better known since they permeate our present value system or, more correctly, value systems. Their combined effect helped to destroy the old monolithic set of values by attacking the intellectual bases upon which they were founded. From *Dover Beach* to *Burnt Norton* is but a short step, but from *Mansfield Park* and *Cranford* via *Howards End* to *Animal Farm* and *Room at the Top* is a very long trek indeed! *Henry an Down* is an apt commentary.

Noel Annan suggests that the disintegration of the old culture is in part attributable to the decline in respect for authority; this attitude of disrespect typifies the scientific ethos of today; the old men are wrong! The cry for innovation saps the traditional response. There are conceivably at least four indirect ways; the only direct response would be when the scientist was also a man of letters and this is exceptional.

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The most feasible way in which scientific ideas are conveyed to the literary artist, as well as to the general public, is by works of popularization. There is for example the occasional use of scientific terminology by poets such as Empson and Day Lewis. Lawrence Durrell employs a popularized version of Einstein, and T. S. Eliot and William Golding appear to have been influenced by that great anthropological popularizer, Frazer; but then that was not science.

Finally, there is the influence of scientific method reflected in the

works of literary critics such as I. A. Richards and others. The "scientific" approach did not involve the natural sciences however. This criticism could have affected some writers in their presentation of material but the possibility is extremely slender, difficult to show and somewhat marginal as the method is not a scientific idea but an ideal.

What have been mentioned above are the channels of information and it is suggestive that all scientific ideas must first be mediated by the common culture, technology or popularization and that little contact is made directly between the scientists' reports and the literary world. This is hardly surprising when one hears of the difficulties that the scientists themselves have in communicating with each other. A recent survey showed that scientific workers mainly keep up with recent developments by reading the advertisements in the journals, not the research reports!

Professor D. J. Price has calculated that the growth rate of scientific activities is exponential, such that there is a doubling in size every ten to fifteen years. One implication is that the population of scientists and technologists is increasing faster than the general population. Oddly enough this rate is the same as that demanded by Parkinson's law, so one day we should all be scientific civil servants! Obviously there must be a falling off and Price has shown that this must occur within a couple of decades. In other words the hegemony of science is reaching a natural limit and the present swing away from science may thus reflect a resistance to the total incorporation of society into a Parkinsonian civil scientist state. Another limiting factor is the sheer volume of scientific publications: 100,000 scientific and technical journals. Trying to cope with this avalanche of information there are 300 yearly abstract journals and batteries of computers. Little wonder that the scientific worker reads the advertisements and the literary artist recoils in despair.

This digression on the growth of science shows, to some extent, how much our society is and will be involved in scientific and technological activities. Such a startling rate of progress must in itself have some repercussions upon literature as was adumbrated in the two cultures debate. Never since the birth of modern science has scientific inquiry held such high public esteem and this is in part due to the achievements of military technology—space-exploration and thermonuclear weapons—which has forced governments and individuals into maintaining the growth of modern scientific research. Our visible and powerful technological successes stem from a fruitful combination of science and technology that took place a century or so ago and it is science that has gained much of the credit, perhaps undeservedly so. Science has its acknowledged limitations and despite its high status it cannot adjudicate on moral values and is simply not concerned with man as an "enjoying and suffering being".

At sundry times poets have felt it necessary to define the relationship between poetry and science, often with a view to showing that they are receptive to new ideas. Its most famous expression is to be found in Wordsworth's Preface to *Lyrical Ballads*, which puts in a nutshell the whole issue of the response of literature to scientific ideas. Only a short

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## PAINTER FROM PORTUGAL

FELIX DA COSTA: *The Antiquity of the Art of Painting*. Introduction and notes by George Kubler. Yale University Press. £7 4s.

Felix da Costa's manuscript *Antiquidade da Arte da Pintura*, long believed lost, was rediscovered towards the end of the nineteenth century. A reference in it to Charles II's brother, the Duke of York, as "now King of England" indicates rather precisely that it was written between 1685 to 1688. Costa presumably intended, but in the event failed, to have the work printed. However, at least one manuscript copy has survived, enabling the present first edition of the text to be published, nearly three centuries after its composition.

Felix da Costa Meeson (1639-1712) was a Portuguese painter whose artistic productions have only survived in a few engravings bearing witness to the modest merit of his achievement. He was in England between 1662 and 1664, probably in the suite of Catherine of Braganza, and had some slight contact with the royal family. At Hampton Court he was congratulated on his skill in drawing by Charles II. At least twice he had occasion to notice Prince Rupert's interest in drawing, and mentions the latter's invention of a modern method of engraving (i.e. the perfection of the mezzotint which is the subject of Chapter VI of Evelyn's *Sculpture*). While in England, Costa also had the opportunity of observing the esteem in which the king's painter Peter Leys was held at court—in striking contrast to the inferior status of contemporary painters in Portugal. This demonstration of the backwardness of his own country in appreciating the arts, witnessed by Costa during the impressionable years of his early twenties, seems likely to have provided the main spring for writing his treatise.

The object of the *Antiquidade* is explained in its opening pages. "I have not written this treatise for the learned," Costa tells us in his preface, "but for the reader." But to make clear to those who are not deeply read, the esteem in which painting is held in all other countries, and also the study upon which it is based, in order that they may be able to differentiate it from the mechanical arts and give it the place which its excellence merits.

The dedicatory epistle, addressed to an influential aristocrat, Fernão Teles da Silva, seeks his lordship's patronage in order that the art of painting may remain alive in this kingdom, where it is so forsaken as to be almost extinguished.

These themes were not new. Costa's contemporary, Francisco de Hollanda (1517-1584) had written in a very similar vein, well over a century previously in his treatise *Da Pintura Antiga* (1548), addressed to King John III, and *Da Beleza do*

*Desegno* (1571) addressed to King Sebastian. Like Costa, Hollanda had spent several years abroad in his early twenties, had there made the acquaintance of great persons, including the Emperor Charles V, and had observed how very much higher was the status of the arts and the social position of artists in Italy than in Portugal. Although nearly all of Costa's principal themes are anticipated in Hollanda's treatises, Costa was almost certainly ignorant of his predecessor's writings, which remained unpublished until the nineteenth century. The close parallel between their works is, however, readily explicable by the near identity of their objectives.

Both largely drew from the same stock of ideas and anecdotes which had been assembled by expounders of the nobility of the arts during the fifteenth and early sixteenth centuries in Italy. The independent repetition by Costa of Hollanda's complaints about lack of respect for the arts in Portugal reveals the persistence, 150 years later, of the same Portuguese indifference which had provoked the pungent irony attributed by Hollanda to Michelangelo in a supposed conversation between them.

Costa's work against the charge being merely derivative. His process called *bricolage* (Claude Lorraine, *La Peinture sauvage*, where by ready-made objects or fragments are used to make a structural composition; and a similar process in the adoption of even the most creative painter's figural poses from other works, Roman sarcophagi. Costa, like on to suggest, employed *bricolage* as a literary method. The father, however, is evident. *Bricolage* can be used to create new compositions, to alter the alien material is subordinate to the new aims. Costa's aims on the hand were virtually identical to those of the earlier writers from whom he copied so many passages. Even more far-fetched and more ingenious than the characterization of *bricolage* as a Professor's description of the *Antiquidade*, a policy paper directed to the Portuguese Council of State by the Crown to found an Academy of Fine Arts, Costa's proposal was shelved. Professor continues, "but his recovery now comes at a moment when this country likewise must make decisions about government support of the arts."

One of the very few original passages in Costa's treatise is a series of short paragraphs devoted to the eighteenth century and seventeenth centuries when it considered to be the best of all time. The biographical information about these painters contained in Costa's notices is unfortunately meagre, while the references to his works, as Kubler remarks, "outlived most of the pictures he is describing." Nevertheless it is surprising to learn that the editor "avoided" the opportunity to use Costa's information on his chosen artists to the little else he means uninteresting flattery.

The first edition of a seventeenth century treatise on painting, feared to have been lost, and an important event, and an important occasion for its publication. The manuscript, however, reproduced in facsimile, would certainly have been more convenient in English version than in Portuguese, and its number is not clearly stated by Kubler. The notes are, however, useful. Yet the unavailability of the original is a pity, for it has been lost, the loss would have been significant.

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tract can be given here but it is the hub of the whole argument. If the labours of Men of science should ever create any material revolution, direct or indirect, in our condition and in the impressions which we habitually receive, the poet will be ready to follow the steps of the Man of science... carrying sensation into the midst of the objects of science itself. The remotest discoveries of the Chemist will be as proper subjects for the Poet's art as any upon which it can be employed, if the time should ever come when these things shall be familiar to us... as enjoying and suffering beings. This hope for poetry was echoed by Cecil Day Lewis thirty years ago: Modern poets are making strenuous attempts to tap the power of science by absorbing scientific data into their work... [but] ideas are not material for the poet's mind until they have become commonplace for the "practical" mind.

Each poet puts his finger on the essential point, that scientific ideas can only be used in poetry (and literature in general too) when "these things shall be familiar to us" and are "commonplaces". Aldous Huxley in *Literature and Science* stresses Wordsworth's phrase "if the time should ever come" and wisely remarks that in that lies the whole problem. Rather gloomily he reiterates his contention made in *On the Margin* that scientific ideas have made no significant impression on the subject-matter of poetry despite the rapid progress in science and technology. To judge from Eastwood's anthology of science verse this world indeed seem to be the case: a few reflections on technology, some scientific terms but no scientific ideas as such are treated. But then it is difficult to see how they could be: turning a scientific thesis into verse would not make it poetry.

Scientific reports need to be unambiguous and impersonal to fulfil their purpose in communicating clearly—almost the antithesis of poetry where ambiguity and personal involvement are the essence of communicating multiple levels of feeling and meaning. In science the use of words is different, though conciseness is a virtue here too: in attempting to subsume several levels of phenomena under one all-embracing proposition for purposes of prediction the terms are uniquely defined, measured without reference to the feelings of the observer and are often expressed mathematically. It is often impossible to state an idea clearly in common language because of the ambiguity latent in words. Poetry could not be written at all with such limitations imposed and when a poet does make use of scientific terms their specificity is lost and he is accused of misinterpretation. The dilemma is not resolvable, for though a poet like Empson uses scientific terms correctly, i.e. with the right meaning, they are irrelevant to theory outside their, specifically, scientific context, non-scientific statements in fact. The scientific idea is not used as its meaning lies within a purely scientific framework. Between the precept and the practice of poets yawns an abyss.

What is true of poetry with respect to scientific ideas is also the case with modern drama. If the art of the dramatist lies in his depiction of conflict then he has little time to discourse on scientific ideas; even if Shaw managed to entertain his audiences with some misplaced notions on evolution, this type of play has not been attempted recently. Naturally there are plays about scientists, such as Brecht's *Galileo* and Dürrenmatt's *The Physicists*, which use the characters of famous scientists to point some present problem about society. The nearest British equivalent to using a scientific idea in *Emergency*, a radio play by the South African writer D. Lytton. The idea is based on the Nobel prize-winning discovery of the transfer of genetic components between bacteria and it is used as a satirical weapon against apartheid. The play belongs more to fantasy perhaps. Television plays dealing with science tend to fall into the science-fiction category, as do many films. Ob the whole there is little use made of scientific or technological ideas in the theatre—to the plays themselves, that is.

One might expect that novels would give more scope to the writer wishing to employ or incorporate scientific ideas; but here, too, few respond. Of contemporary writers Huxley was one of the first seriously to envisage their use in *Brave New*

World, even if this started off as being a reply to Wells's naive optimistic accounts of the benefits of science. This novel falls outside the present period but Huxley wrote two works subsequently, *After the End* and *Island*, both rather melancholy stories that lack the brilliance of attack found in their famous forerunner. The other work usually bracketed with *Brave New World* as an example of the threat of technology is Orwell's *1984*. Both in their different ways are pessimistic views on what is happening to us now. As in many of the older works of fantasy and science-fiction, the projection into the future is a means of showing by a *reductio ad absurdum* argument the folly of pursuing present policies. As novelists of ideas both Huxley and Orwell subordinate the scientific ideas to the moral implications of science and technology. Only Orwell succeeds in giving a satisfactory combination of the two.

Lawrence Durrell in the introductory note to *Justine* voices the complaint of the modern artist: "Modern literature offers us no Unities, so I have turned to science and am trying to complete a four-decker novel whose form is based on the relativity proposition". This attempt to apply Einstein's hypothesis on a space-time continuum in such a way that three parts of the novel are spatially interwoven and timeless, while the fourth represents time alone seems to be a naive and unnecessarily pseudo-scientific way of saying what one is doing.

Other writers have included scientists as characters in their works since they are now part of the local scene. Content analysis shows an increase in the number of scientists to be found in fiction but this merely reflects the growth of science, and their use is purely incidental to the plot. Scientists, like academics, having specialized knowledge may occupy a key position in the dénouement. C. P. Snow exploits this aspect in *The New Men* but it is difficult to carry this off well unless the ground has been properly covered, or is well known. There is a danger of mystifying the reader with science in such a way that the final effect is just a magical resolution of the plot, a criticism that applies especially to science-fiction. A simpler and more effective use of specialized knowledge is made by Angus Wilson in *Anglo-Saxon Attitudes*. Snow has also explored the relationships to be found in scientific institutions in his earlier work *The Searchers*. He certainly comes the closest to employing scientific ideas, but it is doubtful whether he could be cited as a creative writer responding to science but rather as a scientist responding to literature. Again there are many minor writers like Huxley (*The Small Back Room*) and Shute (*On the Beach*) who write scientifically orientated thrillers but who cannot be considered here.

The only field where scientific ideas are given free rein is that of science-fiction, a minor province of literature—the short story. As Angus Wilson points out, so-called novels in this genre are really extended short stories or a series of loosely connected stories. The early works of H. G. Wells fit this category and he may be considered the exemplar of this type of story. Such tales have a long history as Amis, the SF fans' apostle, makes clear in *New Maps of Hell*. Although science plays an insignificant part in these stories, the label science-fiction has stuck and it covers works of fantasy and of the future. SF purists tend to shake off these unwelcome associations by dismissing as works of fantasy any stories which employ more than one new postulate. Writers, it seems, are loath to depart from the established facts in only one instance—the fairy tale. It is important to note that the changes introduced are generally technological ones; these can be made more plausible, one assumes, than dreaming up a new science. Whether this easiness is at all convincing may be doubted; the result is still fantasy. Of course most such tales are set in the future. This is legitimate and has many precedents, but future refer-

ence does not imply SF. While *New World* and 1984 could be classified, the use of the former by Graham Greene in *Our Man in Havana* or Angus Wilson in *Men at the Zoo* is only a device that has none of the essential SF. At the moment, not surprisingly perhaps, American writers dominate and only Golding (and Wyndham) have here achieved a modicum of success. The easy search of this huge work for a single error reveals no more than a dozen misspelt names and an occasional infelicitous translation: this is no mean feat, though there are two surprising omissions from the bibliography. In fairness, the publishers must also be mentioned: the postreading is first class, a second proof has been used on many of the maps and excellent design and moderate bulk.

Mr. Chandler takes the thirteen campaigns in which Napoleon engaged in person in their historical order, and devotes from five to ten chapters to each—the equivalent of a short book. He has space enough to include all significant detail and he portrays the campaigns with remarkable clarity; a reader with no prior knowledge of the subject would never be lost. In addition there are two initial sections, each of half a dozen chapters, the first of which describes Napoleon's training and early military experience; the second, headed "Napoleon's Art of War", is the real heart of the book.

This section shows the sources from which Napoleon's military thinking was derived and the strategic and tactical conclusions to which it led. Making due allowance for the author's inevitable dependence on previous writers this is by itself a penetrating and original contribution. But Mr. Chandler develops it through an analytical chapter in his account of each campaign showing how each conforms with the principles of Napoleonic warfare and at the same time chronicles the rise and decline of Napoleon's mili-

The common ground lies in the public sector and it is here that action may take place. Science provides information about the relationship between man and nature, and this has effects upon value systems and hence upon the way we view each other and the world. The creative artist alone in commenting on the life of his functions is a "critical life" seen from his particular point—this is a personal reaction, necessarily a cold social generalization about society, insight may or may not be deeper than that of other observers; society, its only tools are words. If these can be sharpened by a few ideas so much the better. Little use has been made of science, technology, or the human employed. By and large technological ideas are applied to the writer in the same manner as are received by the general public as a matter of course. Occasionally a writer makes a comment upon the implications of technology: Wells, Lawrence Sanders, Orwell, to mention the best, are outstanding. For the rest, science and technology are only a backdrop against which men play out their lives.

It may be doubted if any such ideas are likely to affect as total the same way as, for example, the idea of the atom. The atom is one exciting idea; as C. P. Snow's *Horizon* and *Life* are, so is the idea of the atom. It is now common to expect that biologists, whether or so, will synthesize a self-referencing molecule, that is to say, a molecule which can make a "living" molecule. This should surely cause some doubt about the value of the atom as a metaphor. Literature's response should prove interesting one day.

Librairie Larousse and (Larousse, Paris, have joined forces to produce a series called "L'Encyclopédie Larousse de Poésie". The first volume published, *Les Poètes de la France* by Jean Cocteau (383pp.) and *La Comédie* by Thomas de Galatin (383pp.) are of the highest quality. The second volume, *Les Poètes de la France* by Thomas de Galatin (383pp.) and *La Comédie* by Thomas de Galatin (383pp.) are of the highest quality. The second volume, *Les Poètes de la France* by Thomas de Galatin (383pp.) and *La Comédie* by Thomas de Galatin (383pp.) are of the highest quality.

## BIG BATTALIONS

DAVID G. CHANDLER: *The Campaigns of Napoleon*. 1,172pp. Weldonfeld and Nicolson. £6 6s.  
HENRY LACHOUQUE: *Napoleon's Battles*. Translated by Roy Monckton. 479pp. Allen and Unwin. £2 12s. 6d.

The main text of *The Campaigns of Napoleon* contains about half a million words, not counting the appendices giving orders of battle, summaries and other useful information. There are some admirably clear maps. A careful search of this huge work for a single error reveals no more than a dozen misspelt names and an occasional infelicitous translation: this is no mean feat, though there are two surprising omissions from the bibliography. In fairness, the publishers must also be mentioned: the postreading is first class, a second proof has been used on many of the maps and excellent design and moderate bulk.

It may be that *The Campaigns of Napoleon* will far the most part be read by specialist historians, for whom it will provide a mine of information, a stimulus to creative thinking, but no one should be deterred by its sheer bulk. Mr. Chandler's prose is hardly inspired, but it is simple and lucid, and the interested layman will gain from his work a clearer understanding of Napoleon's wars and a better insight into Napoleonic warfare in general and of the Emperor's methods in particular than he could glean from any other source or combination of sources.

At a higher, academic level no final judgment can yet be made. The modest phrases of Mr. Chandler's preface do not disguise the challenge he has set himself—to write a modern expository synthesis that will once and for all supersede Jomini, von Clausewitz, Spengler, Wilkinson and the rest of a long line of distinguished precursors. Whether he has attained that high aim must await the growth of an informed and critical consensus. But it is certainly over-rash to suggest that *The Campaigns of Napoleon* may be accepted by many future generations as the

standard work on its subject and also as the most important work of Napoleonic historiography ever to be written by an Englishman. Henry Lachouque's *Napoleon, triomphe de campagne*, published in France four years ago and now translated into English under the title *Napoleon's Battles*, is the latest of Mr. Chandler's precursors. Except that the Egyptian campaign is omitted it covers the same ground as his book, but the scale is smaller, its length being no more than a third of Mr. Chandler's; it is still a big book. Commandant Lachouque writes with authority and has a long list of books to his credit. With one exception, this is his best and it deserves and should receive a wide readership. But beside Mr. Chandler's work, its inferiority is manifest. Commandant Lachouque does not normally make simple factual mistakes, but a few have slipped in this time (though the worst stem from the translator, not the author). Also, whereas Mr. Chandler writes with total impartiality, Commandant Lachouque has an emotional bias, even if it is less pronounced here than in much of his work—a romantic attachment to an imagined image of the Emperor and towards the armies he commanded.

Far more important, even though he uses a large canvas and gives a fair and interesting account of the campaigns, Commandant Lachouque's scale is too small to allow full comprehension of so vast a subject to emerge; even Mr. Chandler's scale is barely adequate for the complex Italian campaign of 1796-97. Finally, while Commandant Lachouque says a good deal about Napoleon's style of warfare, he limits himself to repeating well established views and provides no new analysis of his own. He is an excellent guide, but he does not add to the sum of knowledge. Mr. Chandler does.

## TRAINED BANDS

LEONARD BOYNTON: *The Elizabethan Militia, 1558-1638*. 334pp. Routledge and Kegan Paul. £2 15s.

The century between 1550 and 1650 was a military revolution in Europe. Military strategy and organization changed decisively as firearms replaced the longbow and gradually became more reliable. In this important book Dr. Boynton examines the English militia in the eighty years before the Civil War and finds that it was not unaffected by the changes. By 1587 even in insular England the militia had gained considerable practice with the latter continued to be enforced only because it kept the younger generation from immorality and because such a cheap primitive weapon might at least have some use in the hands of the militia. Dr. Boynton examines the militia in the eighty years before the Civil War and finds that it was not unaffected by the changes. By 1587 even in insular England the militia had gained considerable practice with the latter continued to be enforced only because it kept the younger generation from immorality and because such a cheap primitive weapon might at least have some use in the hands of the militia.

Dr. Boynton's valuable study provides detailed evidence for the accepted picture of Tudor and early Stuart government; the Crown could not be absolute because it could not afford to pay for a standing army itself; it could not even persuade the country to provide an efficient citizen army, except when invasion seemed imminent. On the contrary, its reliance on the gentry as deputy lieutenants and captains of the county forces made them an articulate part of the political nation, and contributed to that county sense of identity and independence which played a major part in opposition to the Crown up to the Civil War.

## GREAT GUNS

W. KEITH NEAL and D. H. L. BACK: *The Mantons: Gunmakers*. 300pp. Herbert Jenkins. £7 7s.

During the last quarter of the eighteenth century the long-lived fashion for elaborately-decorated firearms waned, and henceforth with few exceptions fine guns were distinguished only by the splendour of their workmanship. The leaders in this stylistic revolution were the London gunmakers, of whom one of the greatest was Joseph Manton. Indeed, many British gun-collectors regard him as the greatest of all gunmakers, a view which, though debatable, is reflected in the high prices commanded by his firearms in the saleroom. Now the first detailed account of his career and work, together with those of the other gunmaking members of the Manton family, has been published.

Apart from a somewhat discreditable appreciation of Joseph Manton and his brother John the book merits almost unqualified praise. Its three main sections—devoted respectively to John Manton, Joseph Manton, and Thomas Manton—and other members of the family—are packed with detailed information, much of it published for the first time. Particularly valuable are the extensive lists which must have taken years to compile—of the surviving Manton *œuvre* preserved in public and private collections all over the world. Apart from a certain laxity in giving sources the material is well presented and, despite its complexity, is easy to read and to use for reference.

The book is extremely well produced and lavishly illustrated, though some of the coloured plates are excessively blue in tone. Only in the actual choice of illustrations is there real ground for criticism: All the firearms shown are drawn from Mr. Neal's own collection which, magnificent though it apparently is, is still not fully representative.

## Quidquid agunt homines

potum timor ira voluptas

Gaudia discursus

nostri farrago

libelli est

JUVENAL

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aries to the final exposure of his ultimate values—the doctrine of non-naturalism—the refutation of naturalism—have little to do with his literary effect. Even less have Moore's other philosophical preoccupations influenced imaginative writers: his sixty years of slow-motion all-in wrestling with sense-data and the nature of philosophical analysis.

Imaginative writers are concerned with human beings, from the standpoint of introspection or else as members of a society. British philosophy in this century, in so far as it has been concerned with human beings at all and not with the truths of logic and the nature of material objects, has considered man in almost exclusively cognitive terms, as a detached spectator, conceptualizing his physical environment. Even if modern philosophers reject most of Descartes' principles it is still Cartesian man that they study. Only very recently has the idea of man as essentially an agent, a central force of existentialism, figured at all noticeably in the local product, most conspicuously in Stuart Hampshire's *Thought and Action*.

In its intellectualism, then, recent philosophy has failed to provide material worth appropriating by the imaginative writer. Its image of man is a deliberate abstraction, it has steered clear in principle of the formulation of systems of values or ideologies. At the other end of the relationship imaginative writers have for the most part resolutely avoided any kind of didacticism. Tennyson, however ill-fitted he was for the task, felt himself under a responsibility to pronounce on the intellectual perplexities of his age, earning in the process the label "the modern Lucretius" from T. H. Hulley. In our time only the brief efflorescence of Marxist enthusiasm among literary intellectuals in the 1930s produced anything in the way of committed civic prophecy. Powerful talents like Auden's blithely survived this ideological conscription. Looking back on his earlier poems from our present vantage-point, his early Marxism seems little more than an involvement with a source of quality imagery: "the flat, open, ephemeral pamphlet and the boring meeting" and "the research on fatigue and the movements of packers". To less confident and dexterous hands the Marxian contraption exploded into farce. The closing passages of *Edward Upward's Journey to the Border* are irresistible:

He would begin tutoring again, but with a difference. Perhaps in the evenings he would be able to do propaganda work in the village, among the agricultural workers. He would make a point of meeting the village schoolmaster, would have a talk with Stokes. Perhaps he would be asked for his job as a tutor. If so he could try to get another job—next time preferably in an industrial town. His decision to join the workers' movement would lead to difficulties. But he would at least have come down to earth, out of the cloud of his cowardly fantasies; would have begun to live. He had already begun.

It would require an extravagant fertility of interpretation to discern any didacticism at all in the poets most active at the present time, in Ted Hughes or Thom Gunn, for example. Philosophy, then, to its currently analytic form, the staple bread of academic instruction in the subject, deals little in what could catch the interest and attention of the imaginative writer. Here as elsewhere the last century has seen a steady increase of specialized technique and professionalism; there are no serious philosophers nowadays who are not looking forward to the pension to

which their involvement with the subject entitles them. For the most part philosophers write for each other and, although the students who pass through their hands may be hoped to acquire a greater facility in abstract thinking from the fact, they are no more likely to remain alert to the forward movement of the discipline than a Victorian undergraduate would have been caught up for life with the latest refinements of classical scholarship. For better or worse, philosophy is only vestigially part of the public intellectual domain. Even where an imaginative writer is concerned with issues of a broadly philosophical kind, such as William Golding, preoccupied with evil, causation and the freedom of the will, his reflections will show no sign of exposure to current philosophical debate about these issues.

In these circumstances, if any relationship is to be discerned between philosophy and imaginative literature, either the relationship sought must be conceived in more inclusive and hospitable terms than those of direct influence or the concept of philosophy must be allowed to apply to regions falling outside the surveillance of the University Grants Committee.

It is to Hegel as much as to anyone that we owe the fruitful if abusive practice of applying adjectives, that are first introduced to make distinctions within a specific field of human activity, over the whole range of human interests and manifestations. Many people must have learnt this art from Spengler, with his references in baroque music and the baroque state, or from Marx, with his talk of bourgeois economies and bourgeois religion. These extensions of terms must be justified by underlying analogies and affinities, even if they are first suggested by the mere fact of approximate contemporaneity.

Kingsley Amis, speaking, I think, on behalf of that generation of new writers of the Attlee period of whom he has proved to be the most fertile and successful, claimed an affinity between the outlook of himself and his friends and three bodies of doctrine: the literary criticism of F. R. Leavis, the social criticism of George Orwell and analytic philosophy. There undoubtedly are analogies between the fiction and poetry of his particular generation and the ordinary-language kind of analytic philosophy which, dominated by Ryle and Austin in Oxford, radiated out in the first post-war decade over the whole philosophical scene. Both movements were robustly suspicious of all varieties of established pretension, unwaveringly alert to the spurious, unwilling to entertain large hopes, addicted to the pinkest of colloquial language, espoused concrete satisfactions (for Jim Dixon a nice girl and a good job, for Austin getting some nuddles cleared up) in preference to expansive ideals (heroic achievement in life or an inclusive system of the universe).

The prevailing attitude both of "The Movement" and of the philosophy of ordinary language that was contemporary with it was deflationary, disenchanted, somewhat self-consciously philistine (compare "filthy Mozart" with "Descartes' howler"). It was an attitude altogether congruous with the historic situation of the country, nominally victorious in a war that had extinguished its last pretensions to great-power status.

Since the mid-1930s both literature and philosophy have become a little

more colourful. Both are less wedded to the ruse of the vernacular statement. In poetry the intensity of Sylvia Plath has some of the admiration formerly given to Eliot. Fiction, with William Golding, Iris Murdoch and Anthony Powell, has become more imaginative, more ambitious and enterprising, and that, more formal, autonomous, more mannered.

The posthumous publication of long sequences of ever more fragmentary writings by Wittgenstein, likewise done something to refresh the philosophical landscape. A recurrent feature of his later work is an insistence on the unimportance of man, for him man, as a creature, must be marked very sharply from the other world to whom emotions can be attributed for the most part, only in a figurative way, and as an agent, who acts and reasons, he must be distinguished from all other objects, since his actions, unlike their behaviour, are not to be explained in a causal way. Wittgensteinians are deeply critical of the whole idea of social science, and are wary of the idea of the social craft by sociology.

There is, then, in very general terms some sort of correlation of a deflationary attitude between literature and philosophy, in the sense that academic form can anything like a genuine exercise of imagination discerned if philosophy is considered in a less strict and exclusive way. Between 1944 and 1948 Cyril Connolly's *Horizon* published a series of thirteen articles under the heading of "caveat-philosophy". Since the series included in its phases articles on Hemingway, Cervantes it is clear that the very philosophical. Four French novelists of this period, Glide, Malraux, Sartre and Camus, but the only representative of the country were George Eliot, Flaubert, and, very curiously, Stevenson and George Orwell (of *The House with Green Shutters*).

The plain fact is that generalists have never been a central preoccupation of British novelists. Since the war, reforming propaganda has been a notable, of course, in the very French novelists of this period, Glide, Malraux, Sartre and Camus, but the only representative of the country were George Eliot, Flaubert, and, very curiously, Stevenson and George Orwell (of *The House with Green Shutters*).

One admirable recent novel, *Ono*, has published a volume of aphorisms, *The Art of Living*, which is philosophical in the sense of the word. His ideas are thoughtful and fresh; he makes explicit attitudes that seem to be widespread among the temporaries but not to be clearly formulated by them. The whole book did not get a good press; even the *Financial Times* reviewed it as a "viewless treatise" by an "author who is guilty of the offence of being too intelligent to be understood."

Since the mid-1930s both literature and philosophy have become a little more colourful. Both are less wedded to the ruse of the vernacular statement. In poetry the intensity of Sylvia Plath has some of the admiration formerly given to Eliot. Fiction, with William Golding, Iris Murdoch and Anthony Powell, has become more imaginative, more ambitious and enterprising, and that, more formal, autonomous, more mannered.

## TO LOVE AND BE LOVED

The Evolution of Genins. 617pp. Clarendon Press: Oxford University Press. £3 3s.

of sex relations among the heroes and heroines of Charlotte's Angrian fantasy world, a world constructed in partnership with Branwell during their teens and early twenties, and certainly in remarkable contrast to her puritan world of fact.

Mrs. Gaskell knew little about Angria, but she saw Charlotte's now famous letters to M. Heger and was painfully aware of the dogged one-sided passion which had taken hold of her world of fact, and she was determined to play it down as far as possible. Writing within a year or two of Charlotte's death when her father and husband were still alive, Mrs. Gaskell could hardly do otherwise. But Mrs. Gaskell accuses her of deliberately ante-dating Branwell's ruin in order to account for Charlotte's depression during the immediate post-Brunell years. Mrs. Gaskell was not invariably scrupulous. A. H. Clough reports a story of how she told a hero-worshipping Manchester policeman that Florence Nightingale's elder sister who was visiting the Manchester Exhibition was Florence herself. Rumour had it that the real Miss Nightingale was in Manchester and the policeman had asked for confirmation. When Mrs. Gaskell's companion expostulated, she replied that she could not bear to take away the man's faith. "I, for my part," comments Clough, "should not desire henceforth to read any biographies by Mrs. Gaskell."

It is true that Mrs. Gaskell omitted, it could even be said suppressed, certain things in order to maintain Charlotte's privacy, but an accusation of transposing dates is a different matter. It seems to boil down to a couple of paragraphs in which she suggests that by the end of 1844, that is some six months before his summary dismissal from his tutorship at Thorp Green on account of his love affair with Mrs. Robinson, Branwell's drug addiction, and alcoholism were already disrupting the paragon peace. But Branwell had been disrupting the paragon peace off and on for years, no ante-dating was necessary. Mrs. Gaskell also suggests that possibly the sisters may have heard distressing rumours of his proceedings at Thorp Green. Since Anne was a governess there, Mrs. Gaskell might naturally suppose that they had heard rumours and that all this was contributing heavily to Charlotte's depression of spirits. She had been very close to Branwell. His total collapse physically and morally after the Thorp Green disaster hurt her more agonizingly than it did her sisters; to defend herself she hardened her heart almost enviously against him as Mrs. Gaskell knew.

Indeed, at this time, the shell of self-defence which Charlotte had long been constructing in order to cope with those three unruly and contradictory strands in her nature was thickening and hardening into morbidity. The need to love and be loved was, as Mrs. Gaskell shows, the mainspring of her being just as it became the mainspring of the action of her novels. But Branwell's disgrace and death followed so quickly by the deaths of Emily and Anne, struck love out of her life until its quiet re-entry during brief marriage. She had to make do with a few special friendships, with Ellen Nussey, with George Smith,

with Harriet Martineau and Mrs. Gaskell. Mrs. Gaskell's purpose goes beyond straight biography. Her aim is to show Charlotte's evolution as a writer. We are enabled to trace how Charlotte used her own life, both her interior and her outward life, in all its relationships as material for her novels and how, directed by her shaping imagination, this gave them their dynamic power. Much of this, of course, has been done before. Detailed connections have been made between her characters, scene-setting and use of incident with the people, places and houses and happenings of her actual life. Mrs. Gaskell adds one or two suggestions, for instance, that Phyllis in *Villotte* was inspired by Charlotte's touching pleasure in the affection of little Julia Gaskell. And her background researches, into contemporary Brussels, for example, show how closely Charlotte kept to the town life which she had actually known. Lucy Snowe's visit to the gala concert is a case in point. Dealing with Charlotte's childhood, Mrs. Gaskell brings out the importance of her imagination of such things as John Martin's romantic engravings in *The Keepsake*—an offshoot to the *Illustrated London News*. But she omits most of Mr. Brontë's occasionally frightening and even cruel eccentricities, which leaves an unfortunate gap in the childhood picture. And she should have made more of Mr. Brontë's own background and

also of the tough Yorkshire neighbours with their sometimes dark emotions.

It is clear that Charlotte's creative imagination was fed from complex sources. Part of its nutriment came from her close but detached observation of the external world, part from her own intense emotional involvement at this or that point, and part from the rich fantasy life portrayed in the Angrian stories, a life in which she had found release and freedom. The novels combine these elements in varying degrees. Mr. Rochester, for instance, is a pure Angrian hero and Jane herself has strong Angrian traits despite her refusal to elope after Rochester's plan to marry her bigamously has failed. The point is that Jane's creator is not really shocked morally by the predicament she has invented; but she is emotionally torn. On the other hand, *Villotte* depends entirely on her observation of her self and others, freely used and shaped by her imagination. It is astonishing that she had the courage to use her own pain in this way even though seven years had elapsed since her last known letter to M. Heger. For it is her own pain. The characters of *Villotte* are not Angrian surrogates. This is what gives the book, despite its obvious faults of construction, an almost preternatural force.

Mrs. Gaskell is not a critic; but she has assembled the material on which a satisfactory criticism of the novels could be based.

## MILK AND WATER

The Literary Correspondence of Bernard Barton. Edited by James E. Barcus, 154pp. University of Pennsylvania Press. Loodoo: Oxford University Press. £2.

Bernard Barton (1784-1849) was a Quaker of Woodbridge, near Ipswich, to whom, when asked about the possibilities of a career in poetry, Charles Lamb made the famous reply: "Keep to your bank, and the bank will keep you." Barton kept to his bank (that of Dyke and Alexander in Woodbridge) but managed, also, to achieve a certain fame in his lifetime, being described by a writer in *Town Talk* as a "Small Poet of the Milk and Water School." "But" as he himself commented, "never mind Milk & Water is not bad drink in warm weather; that is if both the stems of which it is composed are good of their kind."

Such bland indifference to criticism is not characteristic, and many of the letters in this short collection show how carefully he cultivated the friendship of poets, critics and editors. In the hope of gaining favourable reviews in the literary periodicals, his interest in poetry was genuine, however; his greatest admiration went to Cowper, Crabbe and Wordsworth, but he refused to believe reports of Burns's brutality, and though he deplored Shelley's atheism, he rejected hearsay stories of his profligacy. And, in spite of Dickens's preoccupation with the darker side of society and of human nature, he could not throw *Martin Chuzzlewit* aside, "though it is somewhat like having sale through an anatomical dissection of a murderer—or having a tooth drawn."

The value of Barton's letters, however, does not depend principally on

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# FISSION UP ABOVE

ENRICO FERMÍ: *Collected Papers*. Volume I: *Italy 1921-38*. 1,043pp. £5 5s. Volume II: *United States 1939-1954*. 1,083pp. £8. University of Chicago Press.

The rate of publication of accounts of research in physics has reached such dimensions that it has become impossible for a physicist to follow the whole literature of his subject. A serious problem of communication has arisen and a pessimist might point to the disaster that overtook the builders of the Tower of Babel. In these circumstances one might question the desirability of reprinting 2,000 pages of collected papers of a single physicist. To some extent, however, collections of papers on a particular subject are desirable under the described circumstances because they save the interested investigator the task of collecting the interesting items from the vast literature. Such collections refer to subjects, however, rather than to personalities.

It is not to be expected that anyone will read the whole of the two volumes of Enrico Fermi's collected papers. Yet their publication is of considerable interest in view of the preface with which each paper has been provided. Each such preface is written by a person qualified to give an authoritative account of the origin of the paper. As a result we get a fascinating historical picture of the section of physics in which Fermi was interested.

The dividing line between the two volumes is the year 1938 when Fermi left Italy to settle in the United States of America. This period coincides with the discovery of the fission of uranium by O. Hahn and F. Strassmann and the subsequent early discussions on the possibility of a chain reaction in which Fermi took an active part. Fission is principally induced by neutrons, and if a sufficient number of such neutrons are produced in each fission process then the frequency of fission processes will build up to

a catastrophic unless neutrons can be removed by other processes. It is of considerable general interest to recall that these first papers were freely published in the scientific literature; the possibility of chain reactions, and of an atomic bomb, was thus no secret. Among the historically interesting features we find in one of the prefaces that Fermi and others had tried in vain to alert the United States Government, before Einstein was induced to write his famous letter to President Roosevelt.

Anecdotal remarks in some of these prefaces are also interesting in showing the working of physicists. Thus in one of them we find: "Szilard's way of working on an experiment did not appeal to Fermi. Szilard was not willing to do his share of experimental work. . . . He hired an assistant to do what we would have required of him. The assistant . . . was quite competent. . . . but the scheme did not conform with Fermi's idea of how a joint experiment should be carried out."

The further parts of this second volume provide the whole fascinating history of the construction of the first atomic pile, the production of plutonium, and the first atomic bomb. It appears that Fermi's greatest ability lay in the development of the linkage of new results and new concepts of pure physics with technological applications.

Such transition through borderlands requires a very high degree of imagination and intuition, but one which may be different from the intuition required to establish a new basic theory. For in the first volume (biographical introduction) we read that during the winter of 1923-24 Fermi won a scholarship and chose to work with Max Born in Göttingen. This was the year before the

# FIRE DOWN BELOW

KENT WILCOXSON: *Volcanoes*. 237pp. Cassell. 30s. ARNÉ ELLK-RUNN: *Back to Tristan*. 149pp. Allen and Unwin.

No one yet knows with certainty how the interior of the earth is constituted, nor how its material moves to produce those explosive fractures of its brittle crust called volcanic eruptions. So when Mr. Wilcoxson writes a blunt, all-embracing "Volcanoes" at the head of his book we prepare sceptically to join another world tour of the beauties and terrors of these giant firework displays. Not at all. He writes a most workmanlike book designed to link what happens with a coherent sketch of various speculations about why it happens and a sympathetic description of how the victims of these disasters behave when it happens.

Scientists in this field are up against the central difficulty that volcanic activity cannot be reduced to a single type from which there might be some hope of deducing the physical train of events from their end effect. Volcanoes, this geologist points out, are as various as a sample of individuals from a human population. There is little hope now of sorting out a percentage that lies deep in the earth's mantle, between its core of immense temperatures and pressure, and its skin which constitutes our continents and ocean floors. At these depths the physical distinctions between solid and liquid masses can no longer be held. The present speculative vogue seems to favour motion by way of convection currents in the mantle, but only because this theory leaves less loose ends than any others. All the same, Mr. Wilcoxson's tour of the main lines of thought in the earth's crust springs to life just because he has planned in his book some rough clues about what links them together. For example, the island dots in the map of the Pacific cease to look dotty once we draw the water away and look at immense ranges of volcanic mountains, some higher than Everest. This is the sort of orderly refreshment that this American's enthusiasm for his subject provides.

Mr. Wilcoxson pauses in mid-Atlantic to look at Tristan da Cunha, a lonely island group of the Middle Ridge whose dormant volcano erupted unexpectedly in 1961. This is of no particular interest to the volcanologist, but gives the sociologist a notable case history of an island community which after growing to 270 to five generations was suddenly plunged into England of the 1960s. Early in 1963, the activity suddenly came to an end. For how long was anybody's guess, but the Trinians, unhappy with twentieth century life, voted as a group to go home to their ruined settlement. Much hard work was required to restore what they had left behind, but today they are living there in much the same manner as they did before, with the exception of a few adopted trills of a more sophisticated civilization such as rock-and-roll records. In time, and with some luck, perhaps these things will pass away. "But will they?" we ponder as we read Mr. Falk-Runn's wrecked island story. He is a Danish wanderer, the first journalist to reach

# CROSSCURRENTS—VII

the island when the advance of six Trinians related to him to prepare their scattered lives and worked for the island's reconstruction. Mr. Falk-Runn's book is a most interesting account of the communal life of the islanders, and the theatre, built must go on, puts the Trinians in a new light. But what he learned from the islanders might be applied to the island of public assembly, a place of public assembly, a place of his political life. The islanders' political life is a most interesting account of the removal of the islanders from the island. It is a most interesting account of the removal of the islanders from the island. It is a most interesting account of the removal of the islanders from the island.

INTERVIEWER remarked to John Arden that his plays seemed very much concerned with the theme of government. The reply was: "Why not? Man is a political animal, and the theatre, a place of public assembly, is a place of his political life. The islanders' political life is a most interesting account of the removal of the islanders from the island. It is a most interesting account of the removal of the islanders from the island. It is a most interesting account of the removal of the islanders from the island."

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# UNDERGROUND

PETER JOHNSON: *The History of the Underground*. 237pp. Cassell. 30s.

Three at least of the most famous names in the history of the underground have been mentioned in the title of this book. The names are those of the three main figures in the history of the underground: the three main figures in the history of the underground. The names are those of the three main figures in the history of the underground: the three main figures in the history of the underground.

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# POLITICS IN THE THEATRE

By D. A. N. Jones

IN political drama which concentrates on the failings of liberals, written by, and for, those very liberals, *Public and Confidential* by the Labour ex-M.P. Benn Levy was as good an example as the more obvious Ibsen, Wesker, Angus Wilson. It is acknowledged that the Left must maintain higher standards than their opponents. Trade unionists, when they stop speaking to a strike-breaker, are accused of gross cruelty by people who support quite ferocious war and judicial punishments; and the trade unionists admit the charge, feel guilty. The "Righties" of journalism and criticism judge liberals by left-wing standards, ever ready to sneer: "Holler than thou, Caesar's wife must be above suspicion—said Caesar, who made no such claim for himself."

The newer kind of political theatre—of which *US*, the Aldwych demonstration about Vietnam, is the prime example—goes farther, carrying embarrassment to its highest pitch, abusing both the performers and the audience, on equal terms, for having the insolence to make an entertainment out of such hideous events. Few enjoyed *US*; on the other hand, few have forgotten it. The prime criticism which could be made of it, by people sympathetic to the National Liberation Front, was that it was too inward-looking to be of any value as a protest. The creators of *US* blamed themselves and blamed the audience, simply for being what we are. There are others more to blame for the Vietnam war than the much-criticized "Hamstead intellectuals"; but, ashamed to claim "moral superiority", the dogooders lacerated themselves. This is the negation of politics in the ordinary political sense. *US* was mere of a religious utility.

But, of course, it is widely held that the theatrical conventions have broken down. "People are bored with theatre", Charles Marowitz told Robert Bolt. "The rhythms they get from the stage are out of those of life." The ideals of randomness, of "aleatory" drama, of "explosions of consciousness" are sponsored. The fact that the new ideas come from America—where conventional theatre plays so insignificant a part in the community's life—may help explain the origins of the "happening" movement; but it does not invalidate the product. Theatre, after all, plays little enough part in England's community life. Artists will, and must, present what kind of drama they choose; but, if the possibilities are considered from a "social" point of view, it may be doubted whether the new forms will attract a wider audience, more of the community. So far, mainly, the newly-seeking young have welcomed the new movement (which, admittedly, has barely begun in this country) and it seems possible that the audiences will comprise an even smaller section of the ex-student or graduate class than participates in conventional theatre. I recently saw an excellent production in Newcastle University which involved speeches, electronic machinery, a brass band, dancing, all-in wrestling, and a parade of pervers. But this was, surely, a compromise—in "happening" terms; there was a kind of story, a kind of exhortation involved, and it all made sense. Further, it could only work in a university's atmosphere of licensed exuberance. Even among these basically responsible students, a fire was very nearly started and the presence of anarchy was dispelled as the director called, policeman-like, for order. And certain of Newcastle's drinking-men, been pre-

pared many working-class people to consider political matters and to decide on action. There are plays to be written here. The theatre is unlikely to promote any political action. What it can do is change politicians' style and "image"; it can provide them with a new rhetoric. (Many have used John Osborne's.) But, surely, no one ever got a new political idea from a play. We can hardly guess whether the Greek playwrights were propounding their own views about the Council of the Areopagus or the war with Sparta—though, of course, it is possible. They had the great advantage of addressing a whole community, so that tragedians could justify or criticize "gods", and comedians, more directly, could abuse the common people—to their faces. Nowadays, Joe Orton, Harold Pinter and other prole-voix playwrights are, in effect, discussing the common people behind their backs. I am not, of course, suggesting that this is their prime intention or even a principal element in their work. Traditionally, the English story, play or novel, sets one character against another, makes unexpected charges and compliments, challenging easy generalizations. The least-like-person formula is one of the crudest, though also one of the most rational and conclusive, ways to make audience or readers question their own assumptions about types of people. Every character must, to some degree, be a type; otherwise, he can hardly be acted, hardly be recognized. Most stories reclassifying people, and this is a political activity. Often the authors seem quite unaware of what their stories are doing. Novels by Kingsley Amis and L. P. Hartley are adept and sensitive in questioning what one of Amis's characters calls "group likes and dislikes". Yet when the authors write non-fiction, letters to newspapers and the like, they appear as one-dimensional as their own most minor characters, labelling with remarkable crudity. The author of *Faithful Justice* has publicly advocated that criminals should be branded on the face.

There is, notoriously, the same applies to many playwrights. However unfair or eccentric he may be in his own views, the author must produce a just and fair work. Almost every worthwhile play involves justice to the opposing characters, some reconciliation, healing, as well as wounding. This week's political parliamentarianism: the colonel in *Look Back in Anger* is as sympathetic as Archie Rice's father in *The Entertainer*. The old reactionary reappears in Arnold Wesker's *The Very Own mid-Golden City*, once again expressing a quite tolerable point of view, with charm. This, I think, is an example of the kind of ambiguity which worries Wesker about his own work. More given to public self-scrutiny than most playwrights, he has lately been formulating at a damp conference in Canada a theory about "primary" and "secondary" truths—"using the latter term to explain the apparently conflicting interpretations of a single work of art, or the downright opposition of different works, periods, societies, all of them admirable."

At the same time he notes, relevantly, a new tendency to "himself" (inspired, he claims, by political and international events), "a great capacity to despise human beings." This may be merely the common reaction (in both senses) which affects the reformist or revolutionary writer to no unsuccessful middle age. If the mood lasts, though, it will make a great difference to his work, since his plays' most notable characteristic is their courtesy to the characters and to the audience. Almost all the criticism seems to be self-criticism; the teacher, the reformer gets all the blame. "Israel Zangwill, whom Wesker most resembles (compare *The Meeting-Post* with *Golden City*), persistently urges: 'Reformers must begin with self-reform. It is no pleasant or reforming others. Without this element, Wesker's plays would be positively optimistic, a rare quality in political drama.' The demand for fairness in the conventional story frequently results

broken down. "People are bored with theatre", Charles Marowitz told Robert Bolt. "The rhythms they get from the stage are out of those of life." The ideals of randomness, of "aleatory" drama, of "explosions of consciousness" are sponsored. The fact that the new ideas come from America—where conventional theatre plays so insignificant a part in the community's life—may help explain the origins of the "happening" movement; but it does not invalidate the product. Theatre, after all, plays little enough part in England's community life. Artists will, and must, present what kind of drama they choose; but, if the possibilities are considered from a "social" point of view, it may be doubted whether the new forms will attract a wider audience, more of the community. So far, mainly, the newly-seeking young have welcomed the new movement (which, admittedly, has barely begun in this country) and it seems possible that the audiences will comprise an even smaller section of the ex-student or graduate class than participates in conventional theatre. I recently saw an excellent production in Newcastle University which involved speeches, electronic machinery, a brass band, dancing, all-in wrestling, and a parade of pervers. But this was, surely, a compromise—in "happening" terms; there was a kind of story, a kind of exhortation involved, and it all made sense. Further, it could only work in a university's atmosphere of licensed exuberance. Even among these basically responsible students, a fire was very nearly started and the presence of anarchy was dispelled as the director called, policeman-like, for order. And certain of Newcastle's drinking-men, been pre-

There are political undertones which many will find disagreeable in the craving for irrational excitement and the encouragement of self-regarding individualism. A similar mood is apparent in conventional theatre, as when the hero of Osborne's *A Bomb* (1960) (so near the stammered parts of the Waterloo district) sneers at "this little overprotected island". Wesker and Robert Bolt are, by British standards, fairly left-wing; but their work is distinctly traditional, obedient to rules and conventions, mannerly. Both are inclined to separate "art" or "drama" from the therapeutic. They use this word to mean something like "doing people good", as medicine and drugs can do; this is not their primary aim. Thentregors ought not to be regarded as especially sick people, needing shock treatment. Perhaps the place for aggressive, insulting theatre is on the streets. I have done a little in this line myself: a script I wrote for a C.N.D. Easter rally in Trafalgar Square was designed as an attack on the national idolatry of the Unknown Warrior. Charles Marowitz recently took an excellent mobile show round Grosvenor Square, insulting the American effort in Vietnam with justifiably brutal directness. Until theatre audiences become more representative of the community, there is little political gain in theatre artists exercising their spleen against the ticket-

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# SEEING IN THE DARK

ALFRED PRICE: *Instruments of Darkness*. 254pp. William Heinemann. £3. 3s.

How the fortunes swayed as between the R.A.F. and the Luftwaffe during the war and the part which radar developments played has often been discussed. The present work by an officer of the R.A.F. has two particular merits. It is based on information drawn from both sides and it explains in precise terms the nature of the developments and the reasons why the British, who started at a disadvantage, overtook and kept ahead of the Germans. In the words of Richard Miles, the Germans never "kipped" trotting behind "but there were times when we were clearly hot by our own radar."

One such was when the German night fighters found they could detect the H2S transmissions from the bombers and home on them for interceptions. H2S was the system which enabled the pilot to "see" the ground on a screen and identify (topographical features by their shape with the result that targets could be bombed blind with remarkable accuracy. As the Luftwaffe by now had been put into the utmost confusion by the use of "window" (the metallic strips which fogged their radar) the ability to find bombers with the help of their own H2S was a godsend—such a god-

# PALL MALL Some Autumn Books

## LENIN: THE MAN, THE THEORIST, THE LEADER

*A Reappraisal*  
Edited by Leonard Schapiro and Peter Reddaway

To mark the 50th anniversary of the Russian Revolution of 1917 twelve leading specialists on Lenin and Leninism have produced authoritative studies of the main aspects of Lenin's personality and of his role as a political leader and thinker. October 45s.

## THE RED GUARD

*A Report on Mao's Revolution*  
Hans Granqvist

Translated by Erik J. Friis  
A leading Swedish newspaper and radio correspondent, based in Hong Kong, presents a steady and detailed view of the turbulent events of recent months against the background of China's history since 1949. October 35s.

## THE CRAFT OF DIPLOMACY

*Mechanics and Development of National Representation Abroad*  
Sir Douglas Bux KCMG

Spiced with anecdotes from his own experiences in Persia, Hungary, South Africa, Japan, Turkey and Iraq, and as H.M. Ambassador to Ethiopia, Finland and Venezuela, Sir Douglas's clear and instructive guide on how to run an embassy makes highly entertaining, as well as informative, reading. September 40s.

## ILLITERACY: A WORLD PROBLEM

Sir Charles Jeffries KCMG, OBE

With more than one-third of the world's population unable to read or write, illiteracy is a major international problem. Sir Charles outlines the special nature of the problem, and discusses the special techniques which have been evolved to overcome it. During 1964 and 1965 he worked with the 'Feed the Minds Campaign'. November 35s. 6d.

## THE MODERN CULTURE OF LATIN AMERICA: SOCIETY AND THE ARTIST

Jean Franco

In Latin America, the creative artist is more than usually isolated from society; yet, paradoxically, he has always had a strong sense of social mission. The author studies the social character of Latin American art and literature from 1888 to the present day. Illustrated. September 45s.

## THE PRIVATE SEA: LSD AND THE SEARCH FOR GOD

William Braden

'Find out who killed God.' In carrying out this unusual assignment, William Braden, a reporter for the *Chicago Sun-Times*, links the hippies' psychedelic experience with the radical theologians' own search for a new definition of God. The author talked with key persons in the drug movement, as well as participating in a psychedelic experience. September 30s.

## THE PSYCHOANALYSIS OF DREAMS

Angel Garma

Why do people dream, and what do dreams mean? In this pioneering work, Dr Garma analyses more than 160 dreams, drawing upon literature, folk lore and painting for examples to clarify the presence and meaning of symbolism in dreams. His interpretations are exciting and easily understood by the layman. Illustrated. September 30s.

## POLITICS OF THE VATICAN

Peter Nichols

The political history of the Church of Rome from Constantine to the present, brilliantly interpreted by *The Times's* Italian correspondent. The roles of Pius XII and John XXIII receive close scrutiny. November 35s.



the 1990s, the number of people in the United States who are 65 years of age or older is projected to increase from 20 million to 30 million, and the number of people 75 years of age or older is projected to increase from 10 million to 15 million (U.S. Census Bureau, 1996).



# Stuart & Watkins

## Vii Sermones ad Mortuos

C G JUNG

Translated by the late Dr H G Baynes, the English edition was privately printed in 1925, by arrangement with John M Watkins. Only a very few copies were issued and these were for Dr Jung's own use. 30s net, October

## Life Threatened

A T WESTLAKE BA, MB, B Chir(Cantab), MRCS, LRCP

A warning of the fantastic price being paid for our so-called technological progress, and a way out of the predicament. 32s 6d net, November

## The Paradox of Self-Denial

W ARTRO EVANS

Ancient mystical and esoteric teachings are shown to be as relevant to-day as at any time in the history of man. It gives a new understanding of the Bible as a treasure-house of wisdom and takes readers on a journey of self-exploration and self-knowledge. 21s net, November

## Nutrition

RUDOLF HAUSCHKA DSc

A new understanding of the physiology of digestion and a detailed consideration of the quality of food, related to an historical survey of food cultivation, preparation and preservation, and to the question of the variously treated foods of to-day. 34 diagrams and plates, 55s net, August

## Companion Plants and how to use them

HELEN PHILBRICK and R B GREGG

ILLUSTRATED BY AUDREY WYNNE HATHFIELD

The way different species of plants respond when grown together. 15s net

## Alchemy: Science of the Cosmos, Science of the Soul

TITUS BURCKHARDT

The author tries to show the true alchemical vision and how true symbols are a manifestation of the very mind of nature, through which one may come to an understanding of the material universe. Illustrated, 35s net, June

## The Doctrine of the Subtle Body in Western Tradition

G R S MEAD MA

A scholarly yet clearly written work on a subject of interest equally to the student of mystical philosophy and practical research. This is a reprint of a work first published in 1920. 21s net, November

## Iamblichus on the Mysteries of the Egyptians, Chaldeans and Assyrians

THOMAS TAYLOR

Translated from the Greek. Limited edition, £3 3s net, February

## ABDUCTION

MARGERY WEINER: *Matters of Felony*. 204pp. Heinemann. 30s.

In 1780, Garret Byrne and James Strange were tried at Kilkenny Assizes for abducting two girls named Kennedy. The young men were ardent and amateurish and the abduction was less a conventional assault on heiresses for gain than a boyish frolic flowing from resentment at the blurring hot and cold of the flirtatious sisters. A priest performed the marriage rites and the young men, in drink, consummated their marriages against the will of the sisters. Soon there was a great hue and cry, to the bewilderment of the two young men, who had fondly hoped that the girls would have applauded their boldness and had no notion that they might be involved in high crime.

But so it was. A ferocious proclamation was issued by the Lord Lieutenant intimating that the authorities were determined to visit "speedy and condign Punishment" on the offenders, and the two were arrested at Millford Haven. The older girl, safe at home, wished to forgive but the younger was intent on revenge and both ultimately conspired to be prosecution witnesses. John Scott, who had become Attorney-General at 35, decided to preside at the trial. Feeling was strong against the Kennedy girls and they had to have a military escort on their way to the Assizes. Abduction was defined as "the taking away for motives of lucre..." and the defence claimed that the fact that the girls were heiresses had nothing to do with the matter. The Judge, keen to do favour with the authorities at Dublin Castle, summed up for a conviction and got it. Though the jury recommended mercy, none came for the two, or for a third, a boy helper condemned with them. In December, 1780, the hangman first despatched a bullock stealer and then the three, dressed in fine ballroom garments. Later Scott became Chief Justice, and Earl of Clonmel.

Miss Weiner has worked usefully among the sources and she tells an interesting story interestingly.

MISS WEINER: *Matters of Felony*. 204pp. Heinemann. 30s.

## CRIMINUSCULE

FRANCIS CLIFFORD: *All Men Are Lonely Now*. 250pp. Hodder and Stoughton. 21s.

Here's a really good thriller—about guilt, of course, as all the best thrillers are nowadays. Throughout we see through the eyes of David Lancaster, high up in a secret Department where there has been an ominous leakage, and not the first. We begin by using Lancaster's eyes only as a glass darkly, but vision and tension clarify and the ending fairly explodes.

MICHAEL DELVING: *Smiling the Boy Fell Dead*. 214pp. Macdonald. 16s.

The nice trad. English village murder as seen by and involving the visiting young American antiquarian bookseller; pubs, cricket, family histories, all the works.

GEORFFREY HOUSEHOLD: *The Courtesy of Death*. 205pp. Michael Joseph. 25s.

This really is a farago of nonsense, held together only by Mr. Household's considerable skill in displaying men's ingenuity at the last limits of possible survival. The peg for this hero's frenzied burrowings and evasions is a mad cult in the Mendips who have discovered something which leads them to suppose killing no murder so long as you apologize for it beforehand. Mysticismus is rife.

EMMA LATERN: *Death Shall Overcome*. 190pp. Gollancz. 18s.

Emma Latern's Wall Street stories have always been charmingly witty and this, set one, is surprisingly funny, based as it is on the outrageous suggestion of linking a Negro member of the New York Stock Exchange and then drawing such sweet comedy from Civil Rights that the problems of the Negro are almost forgotten. "A delightful book as urban as its hero John Fulpm, Bachelor, senior vice-president of the Sloane Guaranty Trust."

BOWARD LINOAL: *A Time To Die*. 202pp. Heinemann. 21s.

A serious Australian thriller about the tensions between whites and natives in a New Guinea district where the advent of independence is celebrated with a cargo-cult movement based on the Christian story and played out in a horrible end. Edmund McKinnon: *How Dies My Wife*. 190pp. Gollancz. 21s.

A superb competent crime story.

## MURDER

HANS HABE: *Gentlemen of the Jury*. Translated by Francis Hogorth-Gaite. 268pp. Harrap. 25s.

Hans Habe cites certain "classic" murders in support of two dicta: that such crimes can be correlated to their epoch and its events; that judicial proceedings can too easily be impaired by such influences as, *inter alia*, political pressures or popular prejudices. The cases he has chosen include those of Mme. Steinheil (1894), tried for the murder of her husband and her mother; Sylvester Matuska (1931), multiple murders by train-robbery in Austria; Lieut. Hofrichter (1909) accused of poisoning an officer and trying to poison others to create a vacancy for himself on the Austrian General Staff; Karl Hau, harrister (1914) accused of shooting his mother-in-law at Baden-Baden; Mme. Caillaux (1914) shooting Gaston Calmette, editor of *Le Figaro*, because of that journal's attacks on her husband, the French Finance Minister.

Mr. Habe does not quite succeed in sustaining his first argument; similar crimes could well have been committed in different times, against different backgrounds, or in different social or political conditions. On his second count, however, he is on much firmer ground. Whether his readers agree or disagree with his theses they cannot fail to be fascinated by his analyses of the characters and methods of all the people concerned.

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A superb competent crime story.

## Dictionary of Contemporaries

"A reference book capable of many uses that it is going to prove very useful addition to any library shelf. It is a dictionary of names which the world's history up to the first of writers, artists, composers, scientists, and prominent persons of letters, and of the past century. The index is very extensive and the dates of every person listed in the main body. Indicative of its wide coverage is the fact that the different languages." *Times World*

## The Pentateuch

"A new edition of Tyndale's work that will be warmly welcomed by all students of the Bible and of English literature. Moberg's standard edition of 1894 has been supplemented with a valuable introduction by F. F. Bruce, Professor of Biblical Criticism and Exegesis at Manchester University, of outstanding interest." *Book Reviews*

## Literary Anecdotes of the 18th Century

"Frequently mentioned by editors but seldom seen by the ordinary reader, Nichols' *Anecdotes* is one of those products of the bygone age which have enduring value as source books." *British News*

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The series as a whole offers an invaluable starting point for the study of the archaeology of the country from the earliest times until the Anglo-Saxon period.

## HEINEMANN

University Press

## INBRED IMPERIAL

MICHAEL DE FERDINANDY: *Karl V*. 368pp. Tübingen: Rainer Wunderlich, Verlag Hermann Lelms. DM.26.50.

The quatercentenary of the death of the emperor Charles V has in the past years provoked in several languages a great many essays and monographs, and the spare continuation of Professor de Ferdinandy's book is not in the shape of a conventional biography, but in scholarly fashion favours Freud and Marx. After a plain narrative of Charles's actions, whether in the field of politics, finance or religion, should indeed, only those hands equipped with some knowledge of sixteenth-century history be likely to make much of this delectable and sophisticated piece of writing about the man who claimed to rule about the western Europe and about the Americas.

Professor de Ferdinandy is first and foremost a scholar versed in the history of Hungary and central Europe in the Middle Ages; he also has an interest in mysticism, psychology and social anthropology. With these qualifications he has been able to approach his subject from an original angle. For him, Charles, despite his busy and peripatetic life, remains a figure of solitary preoccupations caught in a tangle of personal and family obligations. Charles's aloofness was connected both with a sense of duty and with a congenital desire to cut himself from the world; this was a family characteristic displayed, for instance, by the Portuguese prince Henry when he retired to his tower at Sagres, or by the emperor Rudolf II when he shut himself up in the Prague, as much as by Charles himself towards the end of his life, when he shut himself in the monastery at Melk. Here, if Saturn was his demon, and solitude was his quest, he was, as he had requested, surrounded by members of his family.

Professor de Ferdinandy examines with composure the symbolism that has so far from this celebrated emperor. It had long been planned, but occurred when it did in part as a series of political misadventures. Like the priest-king who was especially put to death when he fulfilled his term of office, he was, Charles abdicated when his reign was at its end, and he was also a release from the court routine which he had himself imposed to such an extent upon his subjects. The immediate origins of his economic and administrative reforms were Burgundian, but his practical purpose was to ease the burden of governmental routine, and de Ferdinandy, perhaps, a little too readily suggests links with the reforms of the Jewish-Turkish

Charles, the Huns and the Assyrians. There was certainly a vainglorious and immediate touch about it. Professor de Ferdinandy points out that in a medieval spirit in 1548 Charles was himself to be compared with the sun. He was the first ruler on whose lands the sun never set—because he was the sun himself. But the place in the universe he envisaged for himself was more truly depleted by Titian in his "Gloria", a work commissioned by Charles and now hanging in the Prado.

Family obligations were underlined and ancestors made more real by the habit of intermarriage, pushed to an almost pharaonic intensity. This is a practice usually associated with the Habsburgs of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries; but, as Professor de Ferdinandy reminds us, it had been common among the Iberian ruling families of the later Middle Ages. For almost every royal wedding it was necessary to secure a papal dispensation to marry within the prohibited degrees; marriages between first cousins were frequent and between uncle and niece not unknown (one of Professor de Ferdinandy's rare slips is to make Mary Tudor and Philip II aunt and nephew—which they were only *à la mode de Bretagne*). The most remarkable product of inbreeding was Charles's grandson, King Sebastian of Portugal, who instead of the normal complement of sixteen great-grandparents possessed only six. Charles was himself descended from no fewer than three of the children of John I of Portugal (d. 1433), and he married a first cousin. Did some feeling of guilt at these incestuous unions help to heighten the sense of duty that pervaded the Habsburgs?

In character and temperament, Charles much resembled his mother, Joanna of Castile, frequently nicknamed "the mad" by historians. Most of her life was spent in retirement which was very close to captivity—sometimes gilded, sometimes very constrained. Although

## COMMANDER AT LEPANTO

CHARLES PETRIE: *Don John of Austria*. 336pp. Eyre and Spottiswoode. 45s.

It is indeed curious that there has been no biography of Don John for more than forty years. This may be because a biographer had not only to read contemporary Spanish, but also, if he were to do his subject justice, to copy letters between him and his subordinates, often difficult to read, though these from his half-brother, Philip II of Spain, are written by careful scribes. In this country, all but irrationally prejudiced men have got over absurd errors in interpreting the character and ability of Philip II, an able and patient king, helped thereby by Sir Charles Petrie's biography.

Don John may also be called very able, though not in politics like his half-brother, but he was almost incredibly impatient, which is risky in any soldier and most of all when others were jealous of his relations with his king and the opportunities which this afforded. It need hardly be said that the greatest of these was the Battle of Lepanto, to which his biographer devotes three chapters, the Preliminaries, the Battle, and the Aftermath. It was one of the most decisive battles of history and saved Venice—perhaps all Italy—from the Turks. Yet, though he was to ask whether or not the victory would have been so crushing if the old Marquis of Santa Cruz, who would have commanded the invincible Armada, but for his sudden death, had not been Don John's elbow, even then the fruits were largely lost because Venice's "soon" was slow. So that Cyprus could not be saved, and Cervantes, also, took part in the battle, despite an attack of fever, and described in *Don Quixote* what had to be faced:

Lashed and beaked together they leapt but two feet of back-head for the soldier to stand upon, but, though faint as any ministers, they were not so faint as the cannon nor a lance-length off on the opposing ship, and though conscious that a slight misstep would land him in Neptune's bottomless gulf, none the less, impelled by the thought of glory, he bravely attempts to force a passage, making himself a target to the enemy all the while.

The final stages of Don John's military career were in the Netherlands, where he found himself a partner of William the Silent. This was, however, to be of short duration and, supported by our Queen Elizabeth's money, Orange confronted him with a slightly superior force in January, 1578. Again he won a brilliant victory and again he had a brilliant second in his nephew, Alexander Farnese, Prince of Parma, certainly abler than himself. His refusal to listen to him led later to a drawn battle which might have been won. He died of typhoid fever, aged only thirty.

The biographer is to be praised for his translation of his subject's letters and still more for those of Philip II, one of the most notable penmen of his age.

OLD PRETENDER

BRYAN BEVAN: *King James the Third of England. A Study of Kingship in Exile*. 192pp. Robert Hale. 30s.

The fact that the Old Pretender is given his real title generally throughout his book indicates where the biographer's sympathies lie. Like Sir Charles Petrie, who has written an introduction, he believes that James II's son was well fitted to reign and that his exile was England's loss. Mr. Bevan sets out to show that Thackeray's picture of the Pretender in *Henry Esmond* was a travesty of the truth, and indeed he is able to demonstrate—indeed by quotation from James's own letters—that the King in exile had many respectable qualities. He appears to have been conscientious, hard-working, and tactful, and was neither intolerant nor (at least in earlier life) feeble. But, unlike his son, he was not a romantic figure. He lacked drive, and he aged too soon. These, added to the Stuart's besetting bad luck, were fatal defects. Thus Mr. Bevan's portrait of the Pretender is not drawn with unbridled adulation, but it is a sympathetic study which gives some grounds for thinking him a better man, and potentially a better king, than the dreary blot of tradition.

## Madness and Civilization

A HISTORY OF INSANITY IN THE AGE OF REASON

MICHEL FOUCAULT

'For professional and philosopher this is an important book... and its evidences of deep insight increase with rereading.'

Alex Comfort, *The Guardian*

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'Apart from the theoretical interest of Dr Cooper's views about so-called "schizophrenia", his experimentation has important practical significance... W. J. H. Spott, *The Listener*

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This volume reflects the critical response of a number of anthropologists from British and American universities to some aspects of the work of Claude Lévi-Strauss that are particularly relevant and, indeed, challenging to their own tradition.

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With contributions by Michael Argyle, Reinhard Bendix, M. W. Flinn, and Everett E. Hagen

A group of social scientists examine from their different viewpoints the controversial model of socio-economic change proposed by Professor Everett Hagen. 25s net

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## Reflections on the Nude

ADRIAN STOKES

Is there a profound connection between collage and Michelangelo's sculpture, between abstract painting and the nude? Asserting that there are these links, this latest book by Adrian Stokes seeks to throw light on the direction taken in contemporary art movements. 18s 6d net

## THE SOUTH WEST AFRICA CASE

by M. Hidayatullah, Justice, Supreme Court of India. 25s.

A most readable yet accurate history of the long-running South West Africa case which has moved from the International Court of Justice and the United Nations General Assembly to the Indian Supreme Court. The author examines the various arguments and viewpoints expressed on the future of South West Africa without the use of legal jargon and technicalities.

## THE INDIA-CHINA BORDER

A Report by G. Narayana Rao. 10s.

A great deal of little-known unpublished documentary material is used by the author to answer a number of the claims made in justification of the Chinese demands for large parts of India's border areas. All the Chinese claims in China's favour are examined and rebutted.

## ORGANISATIONAL PROBLEMS OF RURAL COMMUNES IN CHINA

by Gargi Dutt. 10s.

The rural communes were among the most important institutional changes introduced by the Chinese Communists and their failure brought the country's shortage of food and the disastrous economic crisis. Using a wealth of Chinese source material the author was able to study during three years in Peking the history of the communes and to see what is the state of the Chinese economy and particularly the background to the creation of communes, the vast organisational changes required by communes and their impact on the consequences are fully discussed.

## THE KASHMIR STORY

by B. L. Sharma. 35s.

Why has the Kashmir issue remained unresolved for more than 16 years? This book provides a completely new view based on a thorough study of the official records of the UN Security Council and reports of its various agencies and other documents. The involvement of Big Powers in this matter over the years forms large part of the account. The author was a well-known journalist in India and before his association with Government service. For over ten years he was Director in charge of Kashmir Affairs in India's External Affairs Ministry (until last year).

## MUGHALS IN INDIA

A Bibliographic Survey Volume 1: Manuscripts by P. N. Marshall. 100s.

A definitive guide to a vast amount of material scattered all over the world pertaining to the Mughal period. The bibliography covers the Mughals from the beginning of their rule in India over the South and the East to the end of the 17th century. Every entry is listed alphabetically, edited and cross-indexed and information about the present location of every item is given. Volume 1 covers manuscript material and the concluding Volume 2 will deal with printed material.

INDIAN IMAGE OF NINETEENTH CENTURY EUROPE by G. R. K. Mackenzie. 10s.

During much of the nineteenth century the higher echelons of Indian society look to European ideas, objects and habits almost eagerly and as a result acquired some curious misconceptions about Europe and the world at large. This is a most interesting study of a seldom-discussed subject which had enormous influence on India's development in India.

These are less a few of our August books. A complete catalogue is available on request. Asia Publishing House, 447 Strand, London W.C.2



## SIGN, SYMBOL, SACRAMENT

Agenda. Devil Junos Special Issue. Vol. 5. Nos. 1-3. Edited by William Cookson. 176pp. Agenda (5, Cranbourne Court, Albert Bridge Road, London, S.W.11).

David Jones's first published work, *In Parenthesis*, was written thirty years ago and its manner of treating the experiences of a young private on the Somme puzzled many readers. But at that time Joyce, Pound and Eliot were not well known. *In Parenthesis* was plainly a very different kind of "war book" from those to which the public had become accustomed—whether by Robert Graves, Siegfried Sassoon or Ford Madox Ford. It was a strange poem, "joined" in concordance with "sign, symbol and sacrament"—almost, in a phrase of a more popular author, like a Mass on the altar of the World. It contained in a seminal way all David Jones's successive moods as an artist and a writer. For most men, to have written the best and deepest "war book" which was accompanied by a liturgical graphology in art would have been enough. But Jones went on wrestling with intractable matter. The outcome was an ever more intricate and rich growth in which our Celtic inheritance, our Greco-Roman inheritance and our Christian inheritance all played their part. There is a oneness in all his work. The lettering goes with the early drawings and paintings as with the later ones. The

*Anathemata* go with *In Parenthesis*. So does the "work in progress". Yet precisely because of the complication and exact workmanship of David Jones, various misunderstandings have arisen. One, concerning his painting, which some have thought "pre-Raphaelite", is dismissed by Sir Kenneth Clark in this special number of *Agenda*. Of David Jones's vases of flowers on a plain table, Sir Kenneth says: "We all once have the feeling that this is an altar, and that the flowers in some way represent parts of the enchanter." Regarding the fairly recent *Tristan and Isolde*, on which David Jones worked some years, there has been a constant complication and improvement. No one who has read *The Anathemata* will be astonished at the artist's mastery of marine craftsmanship in this picture of the Celtic man and girl on their boat. Tristan, Sir Kenneth points out, is "an older brother to the private in the frontispiece of *In Parenthesis*, lost and vulnerable, the seagoat conscious of his fate". The last phrase might need qualification. *Isolde*, in the final version of the picture, has become more prominent. But David Jones's women are all alike, as with Delvaux's, though in a different, "symbolic"

way. If you meditate on them, they are "women". Tellus Mater, Guinevere, a tart, Our Lady, all somehow in *potentia*; and the men are soldiers in the Roman lines, on the rim of the world, both participating in, and somehow partaking of the fruits of, the Crucifixion. Between men and women is felt the presence of the sword. The story of Tristan and Isolde is a "sign" of something in the buried consciousness of some of our "unoriginal" ancestors.

The curious way in which David Jones's characters metamorphose themselves, or are numbers of persons in one, should hardly disconcert the reader. For Joyce's characters do exactly that; as in, say, *Here Comes Everybody* or *Anna Livia Plurabelle*. Yet here we need another clarification. Joyce has had a profound influence over David Jones. Joyce and Jones, the Irishman and the Gallo-Lemnoner, moved in different directions ideologically. Both could be said to be obsessed by the Roman Catholic Mass (this was before the Roman Catholic authorities decided to "modernize" its art forms of symbolism and ritual). Though Joyce turned his back on it, his *non serviam* could not remove an inbuilt awareness. Jones, who first witnessed it when with the French behind the front in the First World War, embraced it. For him it became "sign, symbol, sacrament", centre of the knowable world. All his work turns on this.

Yet planing out one misunderstanding could lead to another. One would be tempted to think of David Jones's work in terms of a sort of *Divine Comedy*, written and painted with a rather terrifying awareness that we lack sep, or sense of form, that we are living in Spengler's *Decline of the West*; but Dante himself suffered some misinterpretation. T. S. Eliot, or at least his circle, thought of Dante as a "mystical" poet because he wrote in matters beyond our frontiers. In fact Dante was a man firmly (humanly) only too firmly of his epoch. He was no John of the Cross. Nor is David Jones. This matter is well put in *Agenda* by Aneurin Talain Davies: "There is a glorious materialism in the work

of David Jones, a materialism which matches, or perhaps derives from, the materialism of the Incarnation itself. His work is sacramental." The job of Private Jones, last ditcher, in his own words, is "to keep open the lines of communication" to Mater Tellus, her animals, plants and rocks, in the "buried consciousness" of all our past history, and even pre-history, in a terminology which he has laboriously forged for himself. It is surprising that Professor Louis Bonnerot, in his French tribute, does not mention the name of Charles Péguy, who was killed in a beetroot field in 1914, for Péguy's idea of "tradition" and *plenus* was not unlike that of our artist.

As with Eliot, there has been a lifetime of "wrestling with words". Here there could be a misunderstanding as serious as the one about pre-Raphaelitism in painting. One writer suggests that David Jones has produced a *simulacrum*, ranging the world like Pound's *Cantos*. But the similarities are only superficial. David Jones draws on Latin and Welsh words and phrases as Pound draws on the classics and Italian. But David Jones's numinous and "sacral" vision of the universe is almost the opposite of Pound's neo-pagan sensibility and *italianità*. Pound has had little or no influence on him. René Hague, in *Agenda*, reminds us of the tremendous incantatory effect of the first broadcast production of *In Parenthesis*, especially of "The Boast of Dai", a passage read by Dylan Thomas—"he articulates his English with an alien ease".

My fathers were with the Black Prince of Wales at the passion of the blind Bohemian king . . .

ur, from *The Anathemata*, in the part known as "Sherturdays and Venus day" (the reader will recognize *Manly Thursday and Good Friday*), "all the potent images are gathered together, water, cup, barley cake, the Munera of Liber, poured, of Ceres, broken", the hill, the tree with an ultimate return to the opening where man today "more precariously than he knows guards the sign".

History is omnipresent. David Jones writes in the twentieth century, his psychoanalysis at the nuclear physicists, too, are "air ho breathes". They too, determine the forms of expression. Sometimes new forms are prophetic of the spirit of the age, though the "material" may involve "values" that have become obscure to us. At least they comment which no one can disregard.

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## The Paradox of Maupassant

PAUL IGNOTUS

Law and custom concede you the right to measure the human soul. You are supposed to exercise this sovereign jurisdiction with judgment and good sense. Examine us while we laugh in your faces. The credulity of civilized peoples, scholars, administrators, endows psychiatry with a limitless supernatural enlightenment. Your profession's case is awarded the verdict in advance. We have no intention of discussing here the validity of your science, nor the doubtful existence of mental ailments. But for a hundred preposterous pathologies in which a confusion between matter and spirit runs wild, for a hundred classifications out of which the few useful ones are still very hard to make, how many noble attempts have been made to approach the cerebral world in which so many of your prisoners live? For instance: for how many of you are a paranoiac's dreams and the images which haunt him anything more than a jumble of words?

We will not raise here the question of arbitrary confinement; this will save you the trouble of making hasty denials. But we state categorically that a great number of your inmates, however mad

W HAT NOT let a poet speak first to this motion: who has most to tell us of the meaning of madness, psychiatrists or poets?

Why not indeed, if we bear in mind the fact of the automatic but socially sanctioned right that the doctors assume is theirs, to speak of the nature of madness, the right to take arbitrary action to ensure that, by whatever means, we are restored from our madness to our sense—or more usually to their senses.

The pieces quoted above are from Antoinette Arlaud's Letter to the Medical Directors of Lunatic Asylums, written during his prolonged incarceration (nine years) in these institutions. Arlaud was a poet whose commentaries on psychiatry were only beginning to appreciate nineteen years after his death.

Since that time a great deal of psychiatric "progress" has been proclaimed, but it is my contention that such claims are highly suspect. Psychiatry today is becoming more and more obviously divided on the issue of what its fundamental aims are or should be. Firstly there is the official, established, conventional position that is taught to psychiatrists in training. There exist chairs in psychiatry in most countries for this sort of thing, although in terms of ordinary scholarship, this pretension to the academic life becomes clearly ludicrous in the worst sense of games-playing. "Academic" psychiatry for the most part consists in fantasizing obnoxious exercises in categorizing people into states of mind or "disease" that have no meaning for the classified, much less than for any reasonable person, entirely outside the psychiatric game. Nevertheless these experts without expertise are seriously listened to by many sophisticated people who, in so doing, unknowingly denigrate their own far more genuine connexion with what men are about.

The other position is certainly a minority position in and beyond this pseudo-discipline and has strained things to the point of calling itself an Anti-Psychiatry. In so doing it recognizes that most of the defining operations of clinical psychiatry are little more than a police strategy to deal with socially disturbing non-conformism—made sacrosanct and apparently unchallengeable by its medical respectability. The whole myth of "mental illness" and "modern methods of treatment" revolves around this central mystification. To treat someone labelled psychopyle means, in the crude terms of a great deal of actual psychiatric practice, to blast, shock, con, cheat, and "tranquillize" that person out of any incipient realization he may have begun to express. It has now been shown in convincing detail how people are invalidated as mad when in fact they start "getting well", when they initiate some spontaneous protest—or invitation to other people who are inhibited at some point short of this gesture.

In a recent book (*Psychiatry and Anti-Psychiatry*, Tavistock Publications) I referred, with an unbalanced melodramatic flourish, to schizophrenic patients, as the "strangled

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## POETIC JUSTICE

By David Cooper

all the treatises on psychiatry (with an uncertain pair of parentheses around the psychoanalysts). One is less tempted when one considers in "scientific" detail documents such as the *Auridia* of G  rard de Nerval. This poem has, usually without admission, infiltrated the consciousness of many subsequent poets, but only today, emerging from the mythology of psychodelia, do we begin to grasp, to fondle without stilling the heart of this trip that transcends the trickery of "trips". If we assume, say, that Mick Jagger has had a trip and if we went far out enough to suppose that this is what he was recently tried for (of course against all the "facts" of the case) then his true and entirely adequate defence is to be found back in the bare factuality of a certain day—January 24, 1855, in Paris. On this day Nerval paid the market price of his trip, a price that seems to remain remarkably constant. On this day he wrote a considerable letter to his aunt, borrowed seven sous from a friend to lodge in a doss house (refusing to take more than his needs), then walked lightly clad through the snow past an Egyptian mummy set up by a shopkeeper to attract custom till he reached what was clearly his destination, the house where he could not rouse the concierge because, although admitting to having heard his knock, she felt too cold to get up. The next morning he is reported to have been found dead by two market gardeners, having hung himself from a grating by an old apron string on some stone stairs leading to the rue de la Tuilerie.

Then, in the mid-nineteenth century, the end-point had to be self-annihilatory, but need it be that today? Heve we had a glimpse at the possibility that we need no longer hang ourselves up on those

poets of our age". By this I meant that their medical crimes were nothing more than spontaneous eruptions of "self", that shared a common origin and hinted at a similar discipline to that which resides at the centre of poetry. In an age that witnesses such apparently disparate and contradictory but secretly unified events as concrete poetry, Jorg Mayers Typokation, the invention of polystyrene resin to keep napalm on the skin of its human targets, the suicidal *prise de position* of R  gis D  bray, who is going to insist on a formalism of madness and of poetry? Who, apart from the most mystified psychiatrists and critics, will dare speak of proper, certified poets and lunatics?

Unless we fall into the obscene position of reducing poetry to some sort of noble talent we may now have to recognize that poets and madmen are more or less articulate visionaries who relate to the rest of us only on the basis of the shocks, gentle surprises, well-timed withdrawals, simple surrenders that the rest of us refuse. They are *us* in the sense of being what we have properly and dutifully exorcised into those others who are *Them*. Without descending to the level of the banal but obviously correct line of argument that today Jesus Christ would end up large-mailed and electro-convulsed on a 28-day detention order (Mental Health Act, 1959)—after which he would be discharged cured or at least much less troublesome, I would use quite simply how often we, each of us, are madder or more poetic or even "more ourselves".

But this sort of simplism, as well as beginning to sound too ridiculously obvious, must also seem too dangerous for our way of living. I reflect on a young man of eighteen, already on an order of psychiatric detention (you get kept there and messed around with by them so that they can feel that they have really helped you), who had his order legally intensified by a year by committing the following act: one day in the full view of a bus queue in a London suburb he put his hands up the skirt of a girl who stood before him in the queue. As he told me later, he simply wanted to feel the questioning and answering of her legs. But because every other man standing there wanted to do precisely the same thing the police were called in and inevitably the local mental hospital reassured them that he was one of their patients. So everyone felt much better. They, despite themselves as "us", had not wanted what they wanted to happen. And it had not. There was only a symptom. What sort of poetry is that and what other sort of poetry is there, then, that? What other poetry than that which is the significant gesture that takes its risk?

One is always tempted by a polemical momentum in the direction of the *us* only. In the direction that involves one in stating excessively obvious truths such as the fact that "clinically damaged" poets like Blake, John Clare, Holderlin, Pound, Rilke, might have more to say about the experiential and behavioural reality of madness than

old apron strings—or at least not precisely those old apron strings?

How are we to manage not to get ourselves busted by policemen led by alsatians, led by voracious Sunday papers, and above all not busted by ourselves? How are we to complete our trips by converting them into voyages?

For sure without any reliance on gurus who we seem to feel are "there" without having been here. Much more for sure without those experts who pretend publicly to have been everywhere without having been anywhere at all. For sure we shall go nowhere without suffering the burden of ourselves. All we know about this is that this burden has nothing to do with psychiatry (although we may get put away because of it), and that it is not yet poetry. But then what poetry is not yet poetry?

In a monumental work, *Madness and Civilization*, Michel Foucault, a philosopher, has exploded prevalent myths that revolve around the old sinister axis that computes our madness as a medical pseudo-fact. Actual madness (his distinct from socially stigmatized madness) for Foucault is nothing less than the desperate relegation of ourselves to a region of apparently human action that would with (ours) appearance reduce us to a totally object status. But no one has cleared our field of vision so much in this respect as Ronald Laing, who has found it possible, within his own highly unconventional but highly human framework, to tell us simply what in any case we should have been able long ago to tell ourselves. That we, each of us, have a poem to read—a poem that is important for us to hear and might be important for others. Where do "psychotic" action poems differ from the de-structuring intention of the ironic exploitation of metaphor that defines the best poetry that we know?

longer hang ourselves up on those

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TRITON BOOKS

## THE TWO MUSES

GEOFFREY YARLOTT: *Coleridge and the Abyssinian Maid*. 333pp. Methuen. £2.15s.

There is, as Mr. Yarlott somewhat inelegantly observes in his introductory remarks, a "boon" in *Coleridge studies*, and the temptation to seize on the copious pourings of the *Notebooks* and the *Collected Letters* and to erect upon them a new theory of S.T.C. is one not easily to be resisted. Not that, as it happens, Mr. Yarlott's present theory is particularly new: "My nature," Coleridge wrote, "requires another nature for its support, and reposes only in another from the necessary indigence of its being." With such an admission before us, it is simple to whisk him on to the psychiatrist's couch and, after an initial chapter on the male sex-anchors—other George, Southey, Poole, Wordsworth, Morgan and Gilman—to pass swiftly on to the real business in hand, the life and loves as symbolized in Mr. Yarlott's terminology by the Abyssinian maid of whom, as it will be remembered, Coleridge remarked, "Could I revive within me Her sympathy and song, / Forth, who, in other words, was his muse and his inspiration."

By this time we are tottering on the verge of the book of the film, and it is too late to discover who is to be cast as the Abyssinian maid. Not poor Mrs. Coleridge, for a certain thing there is it would seem in Mr. Yarlott's view only two candidates at least for the earlier years, the first of them, Mary Evans; the other, of course, Sara Hutchinson, who, having turned up at the date when *Coleridge* was written, we have first seen to equate the Abyssinian maid with Mary Evans, but after her October, 1799, visit to Southey, Sara Hutchinson naturally takes over the part.

In order to help the casting-director, it may be useful to take a somewhat closer look than Mr. Yarlott seems to have done at these two ladies. Mary Evans, the daughter of a deceased Welsh squire, was the elder sister of a boy some eight years Coleridge's junior, whom he had befriended at Christ's Hospital and a milliner's seems likely that she was rather older than Coleridge. If you meditate on them, they are "women". Tellus Mater, Guinevere, a tart, Our Lady, all somehow in *potentia*; and the men are soldiers in the Roman lines, on the rim of the world, both participating in, and somehow partaking of the fruits of, the Crucifixion. Between men and women is felt the presence of the sword. The story of Tristan and Isolde is a "sign" of something in the buried consciousness of some of our "unoriginal" ancestors.

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Blue Star House, Highgate Hill, London, N.19. Publication dates and prices are subject to revision.

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# PONGIDS AND HOMINIDS

WILFRID E. LE GROS CLARK: *Man-Apes or Ape-Men? The Story of Discoveries in Africa*. 150pp. Hilt, Rinehart and Winston. 32s.

Ever since 1925 when the first skull of *Australopithecus*, a primitive member of the human family, was discovered in South Africa, controversy has continued about the interpretation to be placed on it and on the numerous subsequent finds of similar fossils in south and east Africa. Nearly every discovery has been regarded by its finder as a hitherto unknown species, and given a new and sometimes unnecessarily complicated scientific name. The accumulation of noncontroversial absurdities has led to chaos instead of order, and has confused the study of a wonderful array of extraordinary material.

Professor Sir Wilfrid Le Gros Clark stresses again and again the great individual variation in structure that is shown by all species of mammals, and points out that ignorance of, or just ignoring, the literature about such variability leads paleoanthropologists into the realms of nonsense.

It might almost be supposed that they expect individuals of the same species to be the equivalent of identical twins! Probably nothing has done more to introduce confusion into the study of

human evolution than the reckless propensity for inventing new names for fragmentary fossil relics that turn out eventually to belong to genera or species previously known. Sir Wilfrid has been in the thick of the arguments from the beginning, and has made several journeys to Africa where he studied the original specimens and examined the sites where they were found. He gives a systematic historical account of the discovery of the fossils, and a description of their essential characteristics. He also surveys the controversial statements made by those who regard the australopithecines as apes (pongids), and those who think they were primitive men (hominids). He is one of the latter, and he shows how a valiant error in an analysis of the dimensions of australopithecine teeth made by his opponents demonstrated, when detected, far more emphatically than before the hominid pattern of the dentition.

The author points out that in spite of their small brains the hominids that lived in Africa a million years ago or more had already acquired the anatomical requirements for an erect bipedal posture and gait, and

manual dexterity that enabled them to use or make tools and weapons. He pays tribute to the field workers who discovered the relics although he is frequently in disagreement with their conclusions about them. The reports of the discoveries often lead to polemical controversies of a nature not altogether appropriate to scientific discussions nor conducive to a dispassionate appraisal of the evidence.

Heated as the arguments may have been, Sir Wilfrid never lets his emotions get the better of him; he is a valiantly honest point after point in his opponents' theories, never taking advantage of error or absurdity to floor his adversary without mercy. His calm reasoning and his appreciation of all the difficulties makes his interpretation of the mass of evidence all the more convincing. This beautifully written account is exactly what anyone interested in the subject needs to guide him through the wilderness of scattered facts and confusing arguments; it will be acceptable to the layman and to the scientist. Every page of the book bears witness to the author's erudition and deep study.

# LEPIDOPTERA

L. HUGH NEWMAN: *Living with Butterflies*. 228pp. 35s. L. HUGH NEWMAN and MOIRA SAVONIOUS: *Create a Butterfly Garden*. 115pp. 25s. John Beker.

At the beginning of the century a certain Leonard Newman, having a passionate interest in butterflies and moths, decided to start a butterfly farm. In *Living with Butterflies*, his son Hugh describes how this enterprise fared until he himself wound up the business in 1958.

The farm catered largely for schoolboys passing through the phase of collecting Lepidoptera, but Leonard Newman, with his unrivalled knowledge, was able to provide many a rarity for the serious collector. The father's interest embraced the drab as well as the showy, while his son admits to being more attracted to the brightly coloured, eye-catching species. Through them Hugh Newman was able to widen his business contacts, supplying living butterflies for the Festival of Britain and occasionally for the film industry.

The author lacks his father's almost obsessive love of moths and butterflies but he grew up among them and describes his various experiences with much gossip and sometimes amusing detail. There are also brief excursions into more serious subjects, such as butterfly migration and whether or not it is a good thing to introduce foreign species into this country.

The book is occasionally enchanting but more often naive and sentimental. It is handicapped by a style which, in spite of sporadic attempts to brighten it, remains undistinguished. Nevertheless, Hugh Newman has a genuine love of butterflies and for this reason his book will be popular. Whether people will be so carried away by his enthusiasms as to try to put into practice what he proposes

in his *Create a Butterfly Garden* is quite another matter. The average garden is much too small ever to become a butterfly sanctuary and the gardener's wants are seldom compatible with those of his insect visitors. It is a relief to know that the white butterflies, whose caterpillars devour the cabbages, need not become permanent residents.

On a relatively unspoiled part of the North Downs, Hugh Newman is fortunate enough to have a fine garden into which all kinds of butterflies drift from the surrounding countryside. He can even provide a corner with nettles for the Red Admiral and Peacock to lay their eggs on, but for this idea support surely will be only lukewarm.

This book has many excellent photographs and some useful tips on breeding our commoner butterflies.

# AVIFAUNA

AUSTIN L. RAND and E. THOMAS GILLIARD: *Handbook of New Guinea Birds*. 612pp. Weldonfeld and Nicolson. 26 6s.

In this bulky volume the authors have assayed to bring up to date in condensed form our knowledge of the birds of New Guinea and the surrounding islands. As stated in the introduction the book makes no pretence to being a field-guide in the modern sense but is primarily a tool for identification of the bird in the hand. Both authors were museum men and both have had exceptional opportunities to study New Guinea birds in the museum and in the field. Many expeditions were made to the country, and so both were well equipped for the task. It is tragic that Dr. Gilliard should not have lived to see the fruit of his labours. He died in New York in January, 1965, a great loss to his favourite science.

There is no question of this book's great usefulness as a taxonomic treatment of the New Guinea avifauna, with keys to the identification of the birds, but as a work of reference of such importance it has one glaring fault: it has no index—surely an unforgivable omission in a work of this kind. This defect, it will be more surprising when one realizes the experience of the senior author who must have seen the volume through the press. Only on page v, 'Contents', are page numbers given to the Orders, and not everyone who may wish to consult this book will have the modern classification of birds at his fingertips. True, there is given on pages 603-605 'A systematic classification by Orders and Families', in which the English names appear, but here again there are no page references to indicate where in the text the families are discussed. (Since this notice was written the publishers have decided to rectify this omission, and have issued a separate index to accompany the first

binding; future bindings will include this index.) The book contains five plates in colour by A. E. Gilbert, which permit the reader unfamiliar with New Guinea birds to realize the wondrous colours of some of the species. There are in addition forty-eight plates in half-tone by Mr. Gilbert and D. E. Tibbitts. These monochromes are all crammed together in the middle of the book, a bad practice, presumably to save expense. The map is inconveniently placed in the middle of the synopsis of Orders.

The book proper opens with an introduction in which tribute is paid to the work of the authors' predecessors on New Guinea birds, among whom the late Lord (Walter) Rothschild and Dr. Ernst Hartert come in for deserved praise. The Tring Museum once held the cream of the collections made in New Guinea by Meek, Shaw-Mayer and other famous collectors and its transfer to New York will ever be a thorn in the flesh of British ornithologists. In this section of the introduction there is not even a passing tribute to the important pioneer B.O.U. expedition (1909-11) and the subsequent Wollaston-Boden-Kloss expedition (1912-13) to the Snow Mountains, the results of which filled a whole supplementary number of *Ibis* (1913). There is mention of it only in the references to literature on page 609.

In the section headed 'Plan of the Work' the authors confess to having 'quite understandably' had to 'manipulate' English names for such species in the text. That is, in fact, enough and useful, but why do they take it upon themselves to discard the time-honoured name *Komish* (which is the name of the bird) and use *komish* instead?

B.O.U. check-lists and call it a dotterel (which it is not), and also rename it: the Mongolian plover (*Charadrius mongolus*) is a sand dotterel?

Taxonomists make enough confusion by consistently changing the generic and specific Latin names. Cannot they leave the English ones alone when many years of usage have standardized them? Another nit-picking decision is made in the text (to which the authors refer on page 4) by the insertion, contrary to accepted usage, of brackets for every author's name.

There follows an interesting discourse headed 'General Information' in which the area covered in the work, reaching far beyond the island of New Guinea (itself, is delineated). It includes the whole of the Papuan sub-region with its many islands. The bird fauna has a total of 630 species and the difference between it and that of Australia comes in for notice. Then we are given sections on Local Distribution, Altitudinal Zonation, Climate, Migrants, Breeding Season and Birds and Man, the whole discussion occupying only twelve pages. The rest of the book, pages 21-601, is taken up with the descriptions, keys, the subspecies recognized, their distribution and what is known of habits, nests and eggs of every species on the New Guinea list.

Considering the difficulties attached to bird exploration in New Guinea it is surprising that so much has already been learnt; but the gaps are still enormous, as they will be for centuries in great forested regions. What is presented by Dr. Rand and Dr. Gilliard in their *Handbook* makes a splendid foundation upon which future explorers and naturalists can build.

Many of the basic documents used as material by sociologists and authors are published by Her Majesty's Stationery Office for Parliament and Government Departments.

Recent important titles include:

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Circumstances of Families. Ministry of Social Security. 12s. 6d. (18s. 2d.)

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# BOOKS RECEIVED

[The inclusion of a book in this list does not preclude its subsequent review]

context "Dionysius" (passim) might of all persons have been spared so persistent a humiliation.

Biography and Memoirs

*The Civil War: Richard Atkins*, edited by Peter Young; *John Gwyn*, edited by Norman Tucker. 129pp. Longmans. 30s.

Peter Young, who writes the general introduction to this series of military memoirs, consisting of edited reprints with introductions by experts, tells us that we all envy those who face powder and shot and want to read what they have to say about it. In this series the concentration will be on "swordsmen" who have served in the fighting line rather than in the staff, and who have been in the thick of the action. It may be hoped that other memoirs will be less dull than those of the two officers in this volume—Captain Richard Atkins, who served with the royalists and Captain John Gwyn, also a cavalryman and also in the royal army. Neither of them fought in the more famous battles, though Gwyn was at the second battle of Newbury and is sarcastic about Cromwell. The book is conscientiously produced, but whether these two memoirists were worth reusulting may be questioned.

Edmonds, P. J. (Editor). *Corcoran Encyclopedia*. 567pp. Macmillan and Co. 25s.

The fifth edition, extensively revised.

Education

*Educational Man through his Art Series*. 64pp. and 20 plates. Educational Productions sponsored by W.C.O.P. and published with the help of Unesco. 30s.

Twenty or so pictures cannot be fully representative of world education throughout the ages, but each picture here is carefully examined and explained as an illustration of the teaching practices of its era. The range is interesting, covering attitudes as well as methods, so that the volume can include as different works of art as Bruegel's pen drawing "The Donkey at School" and the carved wood figure of Shamba Bolongongo, King of the Bokuba, from the Congo of about 1600.

Heroldy

FRANKLYN, JULIAN. *Shield and Crest*. With a Foreword by A. C. T. White. Illustrated by Norman Mowbray. 52pp. MscGibbon and Koe. 25s.

Some twenty-four pages of extra information, die principally to collation of existing sections rather than the addition of new ones, an additional appendix and a few extra illustrations make the third edition of Mr. Franklyn's book different from the first two. Almost every page has been seen and the numbering of the illustrations, which was awkward in the first edition, is now completely rationalized. *Shield and Crest* has already established itself as one of the standard textbooks of heraldry in English in the twentieth century, and the new edition should add to its popularity.

History

GHOSAL, U. N. *A History of Indian Public Life*. Vol. 1. The Pre-Maurya and the Maurya Periods. 324pp. Oxford University Press. 12s. 6d.

Dr. Ghosal, now the doyen of Indian historians, displays in this second volume the same qualities of great learning and acute perception which marked his initial study of Indian public life during the period c. 1200 to 800 B.C. Few writers have been so successful in avoiding the twin perils besetting the impartial interpretation of ancient Indian institutions—on the one hand, the instinctive tendency of western scholars to compare these institutions disadvantageously with those exemplified in Mediterranean civilizations; and on the other hand, the patriotic bias which inclined some Indian scholars to read into the records anticipations of the most enlightened type of modern political and economic theory. The temptation to indulge in the latter kind of interpretation has been particularly strong since the discovery of the *Arthashastra*, which displays, even if in the rounded and theoretical perfection so dear to the Indian mind, the whole structure and practice of Mauryan statecraft. No better tribute to Dr. Ghosal's historical integrity could be found than his success in

avoiding any trace of facile patriotic bias. While he is justly proud of the astonishing variety and quality of the institutions which enriched Indian public life during the period from c. 800 to 190 A.C.—the range of the volume now under notice—he never leads into his sources more than these sources will bear.

This book takes up the change which came over the early territorial State evolved in late Vedic times as the influence of the tribal assembly waned, and a centralized form of polity, whether monarchical or republican in shape, began to extend a rigid bureaucratic control over its subjects. Town and village administration developed into local extensions of the authority of the central government. The logical end of this process was the evolution of a single empire, which reached its peak of efficiency under the Mauryas, only to be destroyed, after a period of striking success, by those foreign invasions and domestic dissensions which have been the scourge of India.

MAROTSON, STELLA. *Journey by Stage*. 230pp. Cassell. 42s.

Stage-coach travel with all its discomforts and excitements from its beginnings at the Restoration until its supersession by the railways is depicted in lively detail. Out of the miseries of travel described satirically by Swift there evolved in the course of a century the golden age of the stage-coach. If the subject is over-familiar, there is compensation in the pleasant descriptive style and the illustrations which include several charming colour reproductions of James Pollard's coaching scenes.

Librarianship

FALMER, B. I. *From Little Acorns*. The Library Profession in Bristol. 176pp. Asia Publishing House. 25s. The text of six lectures given in Bangalore in 1965 under the Sarada Ranganathan Endowment for Library Science, by the Education Officer of the British Library Association, Mr. Falmer has personal ties with India, going back to 1942, and with Dr. Ranganathan, India's most distinguished exponent of library science, under whom he studied in Madras.

Linguistics

JENNINGS, GARY. *Personalities of Language*. 288pp. Gollancz. 30s. A "Can you believe it?" book for beginners about the curiosities of language. A lot of odd facts, in both senses, are presented with fluency and enthusiasm.

Medicine

THOMSON, WILLIAM A. R. *Block's Medical Dictionary*. 1,014pp. Adsm and Charles Black. £2. 2s.

The twenty-seventh edition.

Natural History

CLEGG, JOHN. *The Observer's Book of Pond Life*. 209pp. Frederick Wome. 6s.

In this new edition Mr. Clegg has brought up to date the nomenclature of some of the groups; added to the text; and enlarged the index. There are also thirteen more photographic illustrations. It remains a first-class introduction to its subject.

SAGE, BAYAN L. (Editor). *Northward Great Wood*. 186pp. Harfordshire Education Committee. (Copies from the British Naturalists' Association, "Caldy", 11 Deapdene, Putney Bar, Heris). 21s.

This Harfordshire woodland has been open to the public for the past thirty years and part of it is used for school camps. To teachers attending the camps this synopsis should be of particular value for all the flora and fauna to be found in the wood are described by competent naturalists. A preliminary chapter records the history of the wood from Norman times, and there is, too, an account of its geology.

Novel Studies

BASSETT, MARINE. *Behind the Picture*. 112pp. Oxford University Press. 22 1/2s. 6d.

The picture of the title is a watercolour by Oswald Brierly: *H.M.S. Rattlesnake in Evans Bay, Cape York, 1849*. What lies behind the picture of the ship here riding calmly at anchor is a complex story of difficulties encountered during her survey of the coasts of Australia and New Guinea, 1846-50. Difficulties which were by no means merely external. Captain Stanley wrote that

# Sports and Pastimes

PINAUD, YVES-LOUIS. *Stirling from Start to Finish*. 253pp. Adlard Coles. £3 3s.

Yet another comprehensive book on how to sail, although not a bad one at that. M. Pinaud, a former Olympic helmsman and now the French national team coach, is an authority to be respected, but he suffers from a heavy-handed translation.

# Topography

PHILLIPS-BINT, DOUGLAS. *Waters of Wight*. 150pp. Cassell. 30s.

It is difficult to see what useful purpose this rather scrappy book serves. The disjointed chapters on the history of the area are unlikely to add much to anyone's knowledge and, pleasantly though the author writes, he somehow fails to persuade us to share his enthusiasm. Like many others he is concerned about the future of the Solent, but he offers no solutions to the conflicting demands of conservation and recreation on the one hand and housing and industry on the other.

# World Affairs

KAUL, B. M. *The Untold Story*. 507pp. Bombay: Allied Publishers. Rs.20.

This book has had something of a *succès de scandale* in India, and it is not difficult to see why. The author, a most distinguished professional soldier of great personal gallantry, has suffered deeply from unmerited criticism and savage public abuse. At the time of the N.E.F.A. debate, when all India was looking for someone to blame for the humiliating failure of the military machine in face of the Chinese attack, he was used as a scapegoat by his political superiors. As a serving soldier he was obliged to grin and bear it; but now that he has retired he has told the entire story as he sees it. This hardly makes edifying reading. Quite apart from what General Kaul has to say about the shocking middle order of India's defence made by Mr. Nehru and Mr. Krishna Menon there is a distressing picture of the intrigues and backbiting which occurred at this period in the higher echelons of the Armed Services. Conceivably it might be possible to write something not very different about the Pentagon in Washington or the Defence Ministry in Britain; but it is difficult to imagine that it would be done quite like this. General Kaul names the men, whether serving officers or civilians, whom he considers guilty of betraying the trust that his country reposed in them. Bitter writing sometimes makes terrible reading: the trouble is that it is all true. Three men, he says, must be held responsible for the gross failure to keep India's defences up to the standard which her enemies all too happily exploit while he was at the head of things: Krishna Menon for refusing, in the face of professional warnings, to remedy crying weaknesses; Moraji Desai for declining to find the essential funds. The root of the trouble, no doubt, was Nehru's failure to match external policy with internal resources, and to listen to people who knew the facts and saw what was coming.



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